THE Nation

VOLUME 145 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JULY 3, 1937 NUMBER 1

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The Shape of Things

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AFTER AN ANXIOUS WEEK EUROPE HAS resumed its state of watchful anticipation of a new crisis. Hitler's first impulse of violent retaliation against Spain after the alleged attack on the Leipzig was again checked by wiser counsels. It spent itself in a vain demand, backed by Mussolini, that the patrolling powers make a display of naval strength in Spanish waters as a warning to the Valencia government. The flat refusal of England and France staved off active trouble for the moment. Germany and Italy again withdrew from the non-intervention patrol (but remained in the non-intervention committee) stating that they would henceforth consider themselves free to take any necessary action to protect their interests. And their interests have since been clearly defined. Hitler has announced flatly that Franco must win because Germany needs the ores in northern Spain. Farinacci's article in *Régime Fascista,* practically demanding war with England now, was followed by a declaration in *Il Popolo d'Italia* by Il Duce himself that Italy had not been neutral in the Spanish struggle but had fought, "and victory therefore will be hers." Both powers have turned down the proposal that the British and French carry on the entire patrol and their ships have moved into strategic positions. On Monday of this week the Valencia coast was bombarded by unidentified war vessels. The only encouraging aspect of these developments is the change in England's attitude. The British were determined against all the evidence to think well of Hitler and his fellow provocateurs. They had prepared the stage for a friendly agreement on Spain, including, no doubt, an arrangement regarding Spanish economic resources. There are indications that Italy was to be frozen out of the new friendship. But Hitler ignored the cues, forgot his lines, and exposed to all eyes the bald reality of Nazi policy which is in sharp conflict with British policy, especially as it relates to the ores of northern Spain. We have moved into a period of uneasy respite during which the diplomats search for a new formula; but trouble lurks just outside Spain's three-mile limit.

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SUSPENSION OF GOLD PAYMENTS AND THE closing of the Bourse in France emphasized the gravity of the financial crisis facing the new Chautemps Cabinet. With an empty treasury and an exhausted stabilization fund, drastic action is necessary to avert a panic which

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would sweep away all the economic gains achieved by the first Popular Front government. While the emergency powers asked by the new Finance Minister Georges Bonnet are almost identical with those which the Senate denied to the Blum government, there is every reason to believe that they will be granted this time. The hatred and suspicion with which the financial community regarded Blum and his Socialist finance minister do not apply to the more conservative Radicals. Thus it may be possible for Chautemps to restore confidence where Blum was foredoomed to failure. Politically, however, the new government has a more difficult row to hoe. Although Chautemps has so far shown no signs of departing from the Popular Front program in either the domestic or the international field, it has won only lukewarm support from the left Socialists and the Communists. The trade unions will not tolerate an indefinite extension of the "breathing spell" proclaimed by Blum. Yet French capitalism cannot readily adapt itself to the increased costs of production which have resulted from the Blum New Deal without imposing a reduction in real wages by devaluation or by increasing taxes, either of which will be bitterly resisted by the working class. With its present makeup, the Chautemps government cannot possibly be expected to adopt the Socialist solution of the crisis and it dare not adopt the orthodox capitalist solution. Ultimately it will have to give way to a government which is not so constrained. But as a stop-gap it has already served a useful purpose. With Hitler ready to take advantage of any weakness in France, the speedy formation of the Chautemps Cabinet may have helped to avert a general European conflict.

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PAUL VAN ZEELAND WAS GIVEN A DEGREE by Princeton, presumably for his services to democracy. It should have been awarded to him for sheer cheek. For the Belgian Premier, according to the financial pages, came to America to persuade us to make a loan to Germany and Italy. Stated baldly, the mission seems fantastic. In diplomatic circles such matters are never stated baldly. Where the whole mission has not been surrounded by genteel generalities, there has been vague talk of another international conference, as with Walter Runciman's visit of some months back. The actual truth is that we are being asked to help the fascist powers with our money. But how? Doesn't the Johnson Act stand in the way? The answer is a pretty little scheme to get around the Johnson Act. We are to make a huge deposit in the Bank for International Settlements, earmark certain gold in our Kentucky catacombs for that purpose, and then let the B. I. S. hand the money over to Germany and Italy. But why should we do this? Again, a pretty little argument. Unless we lend the money, Germany and Italy will be driven to war by their financial difficulties; if we lend it, the hand of the conservatives in Germany will be strengthened as against the extremists. The whole thing would be incredible if it were not true. The one thing that keeps the fascists from complete domination and open war is lack of raw materials for further armaments. The idea is for America to supply the credits. Did Van Zeeland think this up by himself? No, the idea was obviously Dr. Schacht's, who sold it to England and France. And they, lacking the nerve to make a direct approach, have sent the supposedly anti-fascist Belgian premier as their emissary. We know that Congress would be bitterly opposed to any such proposal. And we hope that Mr. Roosevelt sends the young premier home with his ears stinging.

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MR. ROOSEVELT ENTERTAINED LAST WEEK at Jefferson Island. The guests were three batches of Democratic Congressmen. The party was a success. The President knows how to do this sort of thing, and if there were any that came to scoff they remained to pay homage to his wit and geniality. It was the newspapermen, however, who could most truthfully write back, "Having wonderful time." They had a real field day, and did justice to it, with their description of the induction of the President into the Demagogues Club and of the hog-calling contest, at the end of which all the ham sandwiches were found to have vanished. But the Jefferson Island weekend was more than an orgy of charm and high spirits. We tend to forget that an American president is not only chief executive, but party leader as well. It is the function of a leader to keep a few steps ahead of his party, never outdistancing them too far, but never submitting passively to their drift. But who are the President's followers? Are they the Democrats in Congress or the large masses of democrats out of Congress? There is little doubt that the President is now far ahead of Congress, and must woo them wholesale and cajole them to keep his pace. But he is by no means out of step with the people. It is rather Congress and the press that have fallen behind the country.

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THE HARDSHIP IMPOSED BY THE WPA CUTS was dramatized last week by two important demonstrations in New York. On June 26, five thousand persons, most of them women, picketed the City Hall in an effort to persuade Mayor La Guardia to oppose the cuts and to request more adequate home-relief allowances. Two days previously, eight hundred WPA artists, writers, and musicians had held Harold Stein, administrative officer of the WPA, in protest against the threatened dismissal of 2,848 persons on the five arts projects. Following an all-night vigil, Mr. Stein agreed to recommend the establishment of a neutral board of review which will have the power to retain persons for whom dismissal would mean severe hardship. The arts projects furnish a glaring example of the injustice of the Administration's cross-section cut in relief personnel which disregards both need and the value of the work performed. With the exception of a few supervisors, all members of the projects are genuine relief cases for whom the meager WPA salary is the sole source of livelihood. The WPA administration may not be responsible for the fact that an obstreperous Congress has denied funds for continuing the projects, but it is responsible for the manner in which the cuts are carried out. The least it can do it to grant a public hearing at which the plight of the dismissed workers can be brought to the attention of the country.

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THE PROPOSED INCREASE IN THE TAX ON THE capital earnings of foreigners, while justifiable, can scarcely be considered a solution of this country's "gold problem." The United States already holds more than half of the world's stock of monetary gold. A heavy tax on the profits of foreigners would discourage the import of capital for speculative purposes, and thus curtail the influx of gold, but it would also tend to "freeze" the huge sums which have already been invested in the American market. It would not bring about the needed redistribution of our gold stocks, nor would it contribute toward reducing our excess reserves. Any measure directed against foreigners has the added disadvantage of inviting retaliation. Further modification of our commercial policy and repeal of legislation such as the Johnson Act, which prevents foreign lending, would seem a much more satisfactory approach to the basic disequilibrium which the New Deal gold policy has created.

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MEXICO MADE TWO IMPORTANT STRIDES IN its long-delayed economic revolution last week when it nationalized its railways and established strict government control over farm marketing. To say that either step implies socialism, however, is to misread the facts. As in most European countries the railways were already operated by the government. The principal significance of nationalization is that the foreign bondholders, long unable to obtain interest on their investment, are to receive compensation. The new Mexican agricultural program goes beyond our own AAA only in that it involves price-fixing and a more rigid control over distribution. There is to be no collectivization, and no drastic measure to overcome Mexico's greatest curse—the concentration of land ownership. A legal mechanism has been created whereby agriculture and industry may be brought into a more balanced relationship. It still remains to be seen how this mechanism will be operated.

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PARTITION OF PALESTINE BETWEEN ARABS and Jews has long been rumored as the solution which the British Royal Commission will recommend to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations in July. The Zionists have already expressed their violent opposition to the plan. While it would give the Jews the fertile plains along the Mediterranean coast, it would be a denial of their historic claim to all of Palestine as their national home, it would cut them off permanently from Trans-Jordan, it would deprive them of Jerusalem (which, as a sacred city, would be directly administered by the British), and it would leave them with an intractable Arab minority within their own narrow borders. Despite strong objections from the Mufti, who is president of the Arab High Committee and does not want to play second to the Emir of Trans-Jordan, the Arabs, according to press reports, are likely to favor the plan. In a state of their own united with Trans-Jordan, they would no longer fear Jewish domination. Sooner or later the Jews must concede that, no matter how valid their claims, the Balfour Declaration has not been workable for all of Palestine. Fifteen years of striving for collaboration between Jews and Arabs has only resulted in a bitter and bloody feud. Neither group will be wholly satisfied with a measure that meets only a fraction of its claims, but some compromise is inevitable. Whether or not partition is the best compromise possible, the plan should at least be examined without undue hostility and weighed against alternatives which are also certain to arouse antagonism.

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THE LIQUIDATION OF THE NANSEN OFFICE will pass almost unnoticed but the world can ill afford to lose it. Under the auspices of the League of Nations, it has cared for thousands of political refugees who had neither homes nor citizens' rights in any land. Existing precariously as an international charity, it was scheduled to be dissolved by 1938. Michael Hansson of Norway, present director of the office, now reports that "a truly appalling number of refugees" (some 700,000) will continue to need assistance after 1938. To them will be added a flood of victims of the Spanish war. It is sad to see the League, crumbling under the weight of its own futility, deliberately cut short a still useful function.

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A. P. HERBERT'S "HOLY DEADLOCK" IS BROKEN at last; or all but broken. His marriage bill has passed the House of Commons in spite of the epistolary guns mobilized by the bishops in the *Times*. It is now under fire in the House of Lords, meeting the bishops face to face. The events of last December dramatized the prickly horror which divorce seems to inspire in the British mind. When it came to voting on Mr. Herbert's bill, nearly two-thirds of the House of Commons found it prudent to be absent. As long ago as 1912 a royal commission recommended making desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, incurable drunkenness, and imprisonment under a commuted death sentence grounds for divorce. Yet British law stubbornly refused to recognize that anything but adultery could be valid reason for dissolving a marriage. Even now, twenty-five years later, only three of the commission's recommendations have been adopted. The House of Commons could not bring itself to acknowledge that an incurable drunkard or a person imprisoned for life was an undesirable mate. And they added a provision that no divorce at all could be granted in the first five years of marriage. Although the bill was thus badly trimmed the fact that it was passed at all was a victory over the Church of England conscience. If it now gets by the Lords British morals will have taken a long delayed step toward modern times.

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THE COMMON ASSUMPTION THAT AN ETHICAL distinction exists between big business and small business is not borne out by the Twentieth Century Fund's two-year survey of "bigness" in American industry. While some of the great trusts are shown to have piled up huge profits over many years, the majority made very modest sums—less, proportionately, than profitable smaller en-

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terprises. However, the large businesses made a better record in bad years and contributed to economic stability by distributing a larger proportion of their earnings in dividends. Because of the superior methods of financing available to large corporations, big business proved the more stable during the depression. The larger banks, especially, were much less susceptible to failure than the smaller institutions. The study is timely in view of the wide-spread belief that the evils inherent in the present economic system can be curbed by breaking up the chain stores and other large-scale enterprises. It would be more realistic to accept the greater efficiencies of the big manufacturing, distributing, and financial combinations, but to make certain that the rewards of this efficiency accrue to society as a whole rather than to a few individuals.

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"THE BURIAL OF COUNT ORGAZ," PERHAPS El Greco's greatest painting, was reported lost when the Rebels took Toledo. Now the Spanish Ambassador to England has stated that Franco is offering the picture for public sale in London. Selling Spain's art abroad for money to destroy the Spanish nation may well qualify the General to call himself a "Nationalist."

Third Term: Bad Medicine

WE never took the third-term talk about President Roosevelt seriously until Governor Earle's pronouncement last week that he was not a candidate, and that he would "unqualifiedly and finally" support Mr. Roosevelt in 1940. This is open to several interpretations. It might be construed as a trial balloon sent up, with or without the President's knowledge. Or it might be a gesture on the Governor's part, aimed at getting his chief's support in the race for the nomination. Or again it might be a subtle move to clear the ground for his own nomination by eliminating the possibility of Roosevelt's candidacy. For there can be no doubt that this is the least opportune time that could have been chosen to bring the third-term talk into the open. The air is filled with charges of dictatorship. Nothing could play more directly into the hands of the opposition than this, especially since the pronouncement comes from a governor who is closely associated with the Lewis cohorts.

We have never blanched at the bogy of a "Roosevelt dictatorship." Nor are we generally given to cherishing the sanctity of political traditions or conventions for their own sake. But the two-term tradition has a relevance for today which makes it more than a tradition: it a living safeguard of our values.

Viewed merely as a tradition, the third-term taboo will not stand severe historical scrutiny. There is nothing on it in the Constitution, and Number 68 of the *Federalist* offers evidence that the Founding Fathers would not have opposed a third term. For they tended, as a group, to favor a strong central government; and some, like Hamilton, were close to being monarchists. Washington's refusal to serve more than two terms is generally regarded as the beginning of the tradition. Yet the fact is that Washington did not base his refusal on either political or moral grounds. The relevant passage in his "Farewell Address" is not so much a warning against the third term as an apology for not continuing in office. It was left to Jefferson to speak vigorously on the subject. He retired after eight years in the Presidency as a matter of principle. He believed in the need for rotation in office in a democracy. His principal fear about the Constitution was that it did not expressly forbid the indefinite continuance of the President in office, and that it thus invited bureaucracy and despotism. And Jefferson's example was followed by the others of the Virginia dynasty—Madison and Monroe. The question was not again raised until Grant, in 1880, sought nomination for a third term; and his defeat in the convention, due largely to the appeal to the two-term tradition, established it more strongly. Not so strongly, however, but that Theodore Roosevelt sought to overcome it in 1912. He was defeated, and yet the chances are that if he had received the Republican nomination he would have won, third term or no third term.

Franklin D. Roosevelt could probably be reelected, despite the third-term taboo, unless other factors intervened to defeat him. If America should find itself in a severe depression in 1940, as John T. Flynn and others have argued, that would dispose of Mr. Roosevelt more effectively than a tradition of such dubious historical antecedents. The real question is not how authentic the tradition is historically, but how wise it would be to break it. We agree with Jefferson that to leave the Presidential term unlimited would be to open the gates wide to bureaucracy and despotism. And whatever may have been true in the past, this is no time to venture on such a course. The dictatorships of Europe have drawn the issue with democratic government. Their emphasis is always on the indispensability of a particular leader. If Mussolini goes, the whole fabric of power that he has built up goes with him. Democracies do not function that way. They seek to draw upon the resources of leadership in the people themselves. Despite the high regard we have for the character, abilities, and programs of Mr. Roosevelt, we feel that no man is indispensable for the future of America.

But, many will ask, is it not true that two terms are too short to work out a program such as Mr. Roosevelt has undertaken? That may well be. But a real program is not an individual *tour de force*: it is a collaboration. Any program that will realize the potentialities of American life must be the product of decades of faithful and courageous work by many people. If the President drives ahead with vigor he will get the greater part of his program enacted. If he keeps a third term always in mind, he will be sorely tempted to compromise and coast along easily, deferring the crucial reforms until after 1940.

But suppose that in 1940 the alignment is such that no Democrat except Roosevelt looks strong enough to

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beat a reactionary Republican? In that event we should still feel the same way. First, because it is always easy to maneuver the situation so that the choice seems crucial. Second, because we regard the precedent of an indefinite Presidential term as bad medicine, even for such a disease. It is medicine that could be used as easily, and much more harmfully, by someone in the near future who really has fascist leanings.

It is interesting in this connection to note that even Thomas Jefferson, the stubborn enemy of indefinite Presidential tenure, made an exception that would apply to a fascist threat. "There is but one circumstance," he wrote in 1805, "which could engage my acquiescence in another election, to wit, such a division about a successor as might bring in a monarchist." Substitute "fascist" for "monarchist," and you have the argument that will be used for President Roosevelt in 1940; the argument that will crop up everlastingly, each time in a different guise. It is, as we have said, an argument fraught with danger. There is only one thing for Mr. Roosevelt to do. He must "unqualifiedly and finally" announce that he will not be a candidate in 1940 to succeed himself.

"Law and Order"

DURING the month-old battle between the C. I. O. and little steel we have seen worked out and impressed upon the public consciousness patterns of law and order, as they pertain to capital and labor, that have great immediate and even greater future significance. Most of the devices brought into play have appeared before within the recent past. Martial power in various forms has been used by various governors. Vigilantes are an old story. Combined with back-to-work movements and a systematic coordination of the local press, the business community, and town and county officials, they add up to the formula perfected, articulated, and put into practice by Remington Rand. But all of these devices have been used on a new large scale during the past weeks.

In each case where martial power has been used the relationship of the troops to labor has been determined by the attitude of the governor involved, which is in turn determined more or less by the extent to which he has owed his position to labor. In Michigan the governor's debt to labor was clear, as it is in Pennsylvania and as it was in Minnesota. The difficulty, from the long point of view, is that governors pass and military precedents remain. Governor Davey's behavior in the steel strike is more to be studied than denounced by those concerned with the future of labor and liberty. In Ohio is to be found perhaps the apotheosis of the Middle Western middle class. Governor Davey has acted as he has in direct response to the opinion of that class—and the record holds important implications.

It was to be expected that typical patterns of law and order would become defined and take on a national character in the contest between the new labor movement and the steel industry; it was not foreseen that big steel would give in gracefully and that the crucial contest would be joined in the deep Middle West between the C. I. O. and the independent steel companies headed by men who are rugged individualists in a ruthless, primitive, and peculiarly American sense in which U. S. Steel, enmeshed in the highly sophisticated collectivism of international finance, is not. Big steel settled peacefully on the basis of what might be called a modern world view of labor and capital. The automobile industry was won because it is so highly organized that it must operate as a unit or not at all, because the strike had a metropolitan setting, and because Governor Murphy has definite convictions concerning the necessity of negotiation between capital and labor. In little steel the C. I. O. is up against an industry which is not conveyorized and can operate in much smaller individual units, an industry with an atavistic labor policy based on the set-up and psychology of the American small town completely dominated—mayor, department stores, and all—by the Girdlers, the Graces, and the Purnells. This is one paradox of the present fight —that the C. I .O., an industrial union built on modern lines, is engaged in a battle with a section of industry intrenched in the natural social backwardness not only of American independent business and middle-class opinion but of great sections of American workers. The second paradox is that the C. I. O., though advanced from an organizing point of view, is itself politically and socially backward. If we add to this the fact that the pressure on the C. I. O. from groups wanting to be organized is so great than the organization has not been able to keep up with it in any sense, it is easy to understand why the unions have been plagued with wild-cat strikes and other forms of indiscipline which play so neatly into the hands of the reactionaries.

Considering the odds, the C. I. O. is fighting a magnificent fight on straight trade-union lines; but as far as "law and order" is concerned it is passing through a grave crisis. It has actually been cheering the use of martial law and from all appearances it is counting far too much on the federal government, particularly on Roosevelt. According to one report, union workers in Johnstown were gathering signatures for a petition to President Roosevelt asking for compulsory arbitration of labor disputes. The C. I. O. official in the locality stated that while organized labor as a rule had opposed compulsory arbitration, this petition was not being opposed. This may be an erroneous report, yet it fits all too well with the present mood of labor. Moreover, it is easy to understand this attitude in the face of Girdler's truculence and the difficulties under which the strike is being conducted. But such precedents, forged in the heat of battle, may well cool into steel nets for restricting labor's rights, and with them the rights of citizens in general.

On the other side, meanwhile, we have the traditional phenomenon that the employers are thoroughly class conscious and are turning against the socially unarmed C. I. O. all the weapons of class warfare. Little steel is using middle-class opinion in the form of vigilante and back-to-work movements—which are largely stimulated through the intimidation of workers and their wives; it is

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maintaining a neo-fascist terror in the towns it controls—as witness Miss Stein's account of the atmosphere of Youngstown; and now with the help of state troops it is opening plants. At the same time it is closing whole communities to "outsiders" in order to keep out union forces, and in the process is searching cars, making arrests, and otherwise interfering with the rights of citizens, all the while attacking the outsiders as "invaders." Little steel is, in a word, freely using the language as well as the methods of civil war; and it has behind it the support of the nation's conservative press, which has united in an anti-union, anti-government campaign as self-righteous as it is misleading.

The one hope in the present crisis is that Tom Girdler has overplayed his hand. His insolence before the Senate Post Office Committee and, more particularly, his clear admission that he has no intention of bargaining collectively with his employees are a challenge that the Administration cannot ignore. The proposal for a settlement made by the steel mediation board was reasonable and conciliatory. The union has shown complete readiness to cooperate. It is a feeble democracy which cannot bring Tom Girdler to book; it will be an even feebler one if it fails to do so.

Twilight of Hearst

THE passing of the New York *American* will leave all eyes dry. It was not one of the worst Hearst papers; indeed, it made an obvious effort to establish a reputation for relative intelligence and sobriety. But it was essentially a "yellow journal" because it could not be anything else; it spoke the mind of its master. Since 1895 it has shared with the rest of the Hearst press the heavy responsibility of promoting international suspicion and inflaming jingoist emotion, of hounding radicals and attacking freedom in every form. And recently it has exhibited all the symptoms of incipient fascism.

Much more is involved, however, than the passing of a Hearst newspaper. We may be witnessing the beginning of the fall of an empire, and our first concern is with the lives and fates of the persons who will be affected by it. The *American* is said never to have made money except in one year. It set a record last year, with a deficit of a million dollars. But Hearst was able to pour into it money made by other enterprises. Now things are different. The consolidated income statement of nine of his important newspapers shows a decrease in earnings from $10,000,000 in 1929 to $4,000,000 in 1936. In the past decade Hearst has marketed $90,000,000 worth of securities. Some of these bonds are falling due and that fact, along with the Hearst boycott and the slipping of circulation and advertising, has operated to put the Hearst ventures into serious straits. Miss Marion Davies, according to credible reports, is not scheduled to make any pictures during 1937-1938. Since Hearst has put up the money for Miss Davies's pictures, which have consistently produced a box-office deficit, this minor item takes on significance.

Nation readers are acquainted, through the articles by James Smith and Oswald Garrison Villard in the issue of June 19, with the details of the Hearst registration statement filed with the SEC with a view to selling to the public $35,500,000 worth of securities. The commission has yet to pass definitely on the Hearst issue, but the causes of its delay are clear. Hearst is hastening to liquidate his least profitable units, hoping thus to salvage the main structure of his empire.

The consolidation of the *American* with the *Journal* is said to be only the beginning of Hearst's efforts to this end. Other unprofitable units will probably meet a similar fate. It is common talk that papers in five or six other cities will be consolidated or suspended—in Chicago, Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Seattle, and possibly Atlanta. Some 1,600 *American* employees are affected, of whom about 200 are editorial workers and the rest in the business and mechanical departments. If the management is allowed to have its way, about a thousand of these will lose their jobs. Using the same proportion for the other cities, five thousand workers in all will face unemployment. We do not have to underline what this prospect means. For the newspaper profession is today a highly restricted field, incapable of absorbing many additional workers.

The labor tactics of the management have been clever. It gave no general notice of discharge to the *American* employees: that would have allowed a solid front to be formed quickly. Men learned about their fates one by one through confidential tips, and no one knew where he stood. The management steadfastly avoided seeing a Newspaper Guild committee until all plans had been completed. It replaced some of the *Journal* men with transfers from the *American,* but left the *Mirror* unaffected, thus seeking to play one guild unit against the others.

Against these splitting tactics and this policy of delay, the guild has taken a firm stand. At a meeting of the Sunday *American* and *Journal* units, the executive committee of the Newspaper Guild was empowered to call a strike if the management rejects their demands. The guild position is that the case of the *American* is not that of a plant going out of business, but one of consolidation, with the same management carrying on. The guild insists that its aim can be effected if not only the *Journal* but the *Mirror* and the Hearst wire services as well absorb the *American* employees; and if a five-day, forty-hour week is instituted.

From a broad social standpoint it would be intolerable if Hearst, in his desperate attempts to bolster his overcapitalized newspaper empire, with its enormous salaries at the top, its large feature expenditures, its stuffed-shirt outlays, should be allowed to place the principal burden on his workers. Hearst cannot, in his present condition, stand a strike in all his New York newspapers and wire services. He must economize, but he must find other methods of economy. The air of American journalism is fresher for the disappearance of the New York *American,* but the newspaper workers must not be made the victims of the cleansing process.

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Loyalist Spain Gathers Its Strength

BY LOUIS FISCHER

Valencia, June 28

THE fall of Bilbao has been skilfully used by the Negrin government to stimulate enthusiasm at the front and in the rear. This is less strange than would at first appear, for the authorities have only to appeal to the indices of progress known to most Spaniards but ignored or underestimated by those outsiders who see the civil war as an unbroken chain of Loyalist defeats.

The government's army is now 520,000 strong, excluding several brigades in training camps. This force is magnificent in defense and, with the exception of some brigades on the Aragon front, its soldiers have fought well in all the abortive offensives; but these forward thrusts failed, and the army, generally speaking, still lacks offensive abilities, less because of insufficient equipment than by reason of poor staff work and undependable commanders. As late as a few weeks ago the Loyalists had no general staff which really functioned as such (until Negrin came into office, General Rojo, chief of staff, was not even in Valencia but on active service at one front), and numerous individual units had no staffs of their own. The great victory over the Italians in the remarkable battle of Brihuega last March was in large measure due to the brilliant tactics of the three experienced generals who directed operations from a hill overlooking the field.

Despite bad staff work and an inadequate officers' corps, a year has sufficed to transform green *milicianos* who ran whenever the Moors appeared, into courageous, stubborn warriors whose new regular army uniform is symbolic of the passing of the early amateurish improvisation and chaotic if colorful eclecticism. Officers who remained with the Loyalists after the revolt frequently proved politically unreliable. Moreover, since the old-time generals who first commanded the government army favored petty bourgeois types over proletarians and peasants for promotion to officer's rank, even the new commanders were often of doubtful quality and loyalty. Under Prieto, Negrin's Minister of National Defense, the officers' corps is being purged, but substitutes must be found and trained to take the place of those who go into the discard or into less pivotal work, and this is a slow process. Men like Lister, Modesta, and Campesino, all Communists (the bulk of fresh talent is Communist), who as division commanders ought to be generals, are still majors, partly in conformity with the pre-revolutionary Spanish army code and partly because of their politics.

This is a problem whose solution takes time. The predictions of government leaders about the date of the much-needed big offensive vary from three months to next winter or spring, and estimates regarding the probable duration of the civil war run from a minimum of ten months to the frightening maximum of three years.

In the Bilbao campaign the indifferent politics of the Basque middle-class nationalist officers, hundreds of whom have since deserted to Franco, and the inferiority of the non-commissioned officers were almost as great handicaps as the decisive shortage of airplanes and other weapons. It was physically impossible to provide the Basques with enough aviation equipment, hence the collapse of their valiant defense. Yet, though the loss of Bilbao depresses the ministers whose pasts have been intimately connected with it, a Loyalist army of ultimate triumph is being steadily forged.

The Loyalist importation of arms has been undiminished in recent months. In addition, new and old Spanish plants are yielding a broader flow of modern weapons, and it is confidently expected that the Loyalists, who are already assembling airplane parts and manufacturing excellent airplane motors, will shortly be turning out one home-made plane daily. Negrin and Prieto are putting all their energy behind this phase.

However, purchases in places far removed geographically from Spain, even when augmented by domestic production, will not soon equal the shipments to Franco which Germany and Italy can make if they are uncurbed. Since the latest non-intervention agreement went into effect in February Hitler and Mussolini have vastly increased their supplies of war material to the rebels.

In the recent international crisis when Germany and Italy again withdrew from the international patrol on the fantastically flimsy pretense of the Leipzig attack, Valencia remained perfectly calm despite the Nazi threat to blow it to bits *à la* Almeria; and again the other night, when sirens at three-fifteen heralded an attack on the citizens by German shelling which had been threatened, the people stood around in front of their houses instead of running to find shelter. The Loyalist navy and air force were prepared to meet the German attack, and a battle with heavy enemy losses, followed by open warfare between Spain, Germany, and Italy, did not seem far-fetched. Although the extension of the civil war to involve all Europe is the favorite topic of the café intellectuals, who think it might relieve Spain from the inequalities in the present struggle, no statesman views such a prospect without dread, if only because there is no guaranty that the democracies would care to defend Spanish democracy against fascist aggression. They have not cared to in the past year.

The recent crisis in non-intervention affairs is being interpreted here as follows: Germany, which had previously cooled toward Franco owing to the heavy cost of carrying him to victory, was encouraged by the fall of Bilbao to believe it would be possible to crush the Loyalists quickly, close a burdensome debit ledger, and

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open a credit account for her Spanish adventure by blocking the government's importation of arms. This could be done by smashing the Loyalist fleet which convoys merchant vessels when necessary. The Reich fleet therefore sought a naval encounter. As far as one can judge from this angle of vision, England and France prevented such a catastrophic development by their sudden firmness, and in Valencia it is supposed and hoped that this unusually strong attitude may ultimately lead to the scrapping of the entire farcical non-intervention scheme and bring about the unhindered sale of munitions to the legitimate Spanish authorities.

Neither the danger of foreign attack nor the obvious necessity of straining every muscle to win the civil war has deterred the Spanish Loyalists from engaging in the expensive game of party politics which is forcing some able persons into inactivity and even obstruction. At present the Caballero-led Left Socialists, with the exception of Del Vayo, who retained his post as war commissar in charge of the army's political commissars and as Spain's ambassador-at-large, and the Anarchists are in active opposition. This means that they carry on whispering campaigns and sometimes intrigues against the Negrin regime. However, it is characteristic of Caballero's fundamental honesty that he did not try to upset the Cabinet on the Bilbao issue, for he must have realized that he himself was more responsible than Negrin.

The members of the government attribute this forbearance more to weakness than to charity. It is doubtful whether the UGT executive could vote against the Cabinet without provoking a serious split in its ranks. But members of the government in conversation with me have stated that not even the two big trade-union federations together could overthrow the government, because it enjoys the staunch support of the Left Republicans, the Right Socialists, and the Communists, and already has visible achievements to its credit. The fact is that neither federation has committed an overt act against Negrin, and one CNT member even petitioned to be taken into the Cabinet. From being until very recently the most violent critics of the CNT, the Left-Socialists have suddenly discovered a great affection for it, while the Anarcho-Syndicalists, in turn, feign a new-found love for Caballero, whose life in office they embittered. This uneasy and unnatural fellowship sows seeds of discord when unity is most needed to defeat fascism, but its power is diminished by Caballero's waning popularity, Del Vayo's loyalty to the new Cabinet, and Negrin's rigorous campaign against arbitrary acts of the Anarchists. To find surcease from it, the Anarchists seem ready to escape even into the Cabinet, but simultaneously they are instructing their followers to sabotage Negrin's work, and Negrin, therefore, probably wishes first to complete disarmament of the Anarchists, which is proceeding.

Caballero began to lose his hold on the people when he allowed the enemy to approach a Madrid unprepared for defense. The government's hasty departure to Valencia further lowered his prestige. Since then, his retention of a high officer whose inability or treachery explains and is partially responsible for the surrender of Toledo and Malaga, his isolation from the masses whom he refused, despite friendly pressure, to address even once during the months he was Prime Minister, his haughty behavior toward his own colleagues and the slowness and inflexibility with which he met the problems heaped mountain-high around him, all caused many of his supporters to turn against him. This is particularly true of the Communists. Their membership rose buoyantly in the spring. Caballero resented this as though it were aimed against him. His relationship to Russia wavered. He began late in March to manifest an open hostility toward the Communists in the army and a tendency to check the growth of their influence. Thereupon the Communists, who had previously protected him from the slightest blame, attacked him. He accordingly sought the Anarchists as allies. His consequent leniency toward the Anarchists, his present critics declare, culminated in the uprising in Barcelona the first week in May. To be sure, Caballero and his four Anarchist ministers prevented that bloody adventure from taking even more than its terrible toll of fourteen hundred dead and six hundred wounded.

Negrin believes that the essence of wisdom in this case and for the time being is strength. He may treat with the Anarchists when they are purged and weaker. The Communists overthrew Caballero. They are working hand in hand with Negrin.

Negrin is an excellent executive, and that is what the conduct of the war needed. Things are now getting done quickly where millions can see the results—in the army. The people also know that he has wiped out private violence, introduced order on the highways and streets, and created an atmosphere conducive to civil and military discipline. These innovations are facilitating the fulfillment of the Cabinet's social program.

Negrin regards himself as a Marxist. He laughed when I told him that foreign dispatches had reported that he would return the property confiscated from pro-rebel owners. On the contrary, he believes that the exigencies of war and of Spain's social system require the nationalization of all heavy industrial enterprises—metallurgical, chemical, electrical, mining, etc.—even when tiny; that the government should own all plants employing more than, say, fifty workers, which produce for popular consumption, and that city transport systems should be owned by the municipalities. Fascist properties will be seized outright but Loyalist and, of course, foreign owners will receive compensation in slowly maturing bonds. Negrin equally favors voluntary collectivization, and the Communist Party proposes intensified propaganda for it. Loans totalling 60,000,000 pesetas have been granted to such collectives, and further funds are available. Lately they have also been receiving farm equipment imported from the Soviet Union. At the same time Negrin contemplates the early reopening of some of the churches whose members wish to worship in them. This is in accordance with the democratic principle to which the new Loyalist government is passionately devoted. It is to be hoped that further internal political clashes and friction will not bring about a dictatorship.

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Yachts and Taxes

BY FREDERICK R. BARKLEY

Washington, June 27

TOM GIRDLER'S one-night stand in the revival of "Louis the Fourteenth" (l'état, c'est moi!) was the week's best show, but the great tax-dodger drama really had a better cast—at least in the wings. How earnest the actual performers are about playing out the full script sent down to them by the impresario at the other end of the Avenue remains to be seen. Two weeks ago an all-summer run, with a plug in every loophole at the end, was in prospect, but somehow the actors do not seem to have their hearts in their work. Hot summer weather is trying; but even more moving is a desire of some members to get out of town without having to face the issues of court reorganization and the wages-and-hours bill. The Joint Congressional Committee on Tax Avoidance and Evasion, of course, could go on even if Congress adjourned, but that would take a measure of devotion not now in evidence.

Furthermore, there is a little irritation among the committeemen over the implication, as broadly hinted by J. P. Morgan, that they are too dumb to write a hog-tight tax bill, when in fact the Treasury, which is now pointing out this loophole and that, is itself largely responsible for a good many of them. As committee members have mentioned, the Treasury nagged them last year into lowering some tax rates to a point which foreign recipients of American income have found very fruitful to themselves; and the Treasury was also largely responsible for a rewriting of the personal-holding-company tax provisions which have made those provisions—even though the assumed intent was otherwise—more useful to the richer tax avoiders than they were before.

But, as has already been mentioned in the hearings, the Treasury has been the West Point of many captains in that army of 45,000 or more smart lawyers and accountants who tell the super-wealthy how to eat their cake and hardly scratch the frosting, and there is no indication that the present staff members may not also be looking forward to the time when they can retire to private life and build up a competence for their children. Even Mr. Under Secretary Roswell Magill, who is field marshal in the presentation of evidence, has been disclosed as the author of two or three expensive books showing the wealthy how taxes can legally be avoided. The Treasury's outspoken thesis, of course, is that the process of plugging loopholes is always a stern chase anyway, which probably is comforting to those of its staff who may hope ultimately to be guiding the incorporated yachts which flit fleetly ahead. At least five names are current here as the possessors of such lucrative pleasure craft, and Treasury officials have intimated that they know of four.

Incidentally, the only articulate Republican on the committee, bumbling old Allen Treadway, of Massachusetts, tried to flutter his Democratic colleagues on the second day with intimations that the names to be presented had been picked with gross political purpose, but finally wound up, when the diversion did not go well, with an admission that he was as keen for names as anyone—"if we get the right ones." Evidently taking his cue from columnists who have been assiduous for two weeks in suggesting questions and tactics to the fragile G. O. P. remnant, Treadway also tried out the charge that the hearings are an Administration effort to show why the budget is not in balance. After asserting that he did not want to accuse Administration officials of trying to "mislead" the public in this way, the old Yankee roared out his accusation at least six times. Under the twittings of the opposition, and the evident realization that his dialectics were not working, he finally rumbled over the horizon.

But despite one thing and another, the first five days' hearings did finally produce the names of as choice a gang of tax dodgers as ever scuttled a fiscal policy. A few of them employed the foreign corporation or phony insurance-company loan rackets, but the rest had plumped for the personal-holding-company scheme, which is now almost hallowed with age. There were some amusing angles to these revelations; one of the du Pont wives, for example, hides her tax savings in the Still Pond Corporation; Mr. Andrew W. Mellon turns out to have been in the tobacco business—or at least collecting coupons—for six years or more; and a Newfoundland Corporation, with offices in Paris, France, was the snug harbor of a Mr. Brown, of New York.

When the week ended, it also had been shown that seventeen out of the many thousand known existing personal holding companies had paid out $44,000 in 1934 on an aggregate net income of nearly $5,000,000, as against the $1,638,000 the owners of these corporations would have paid as individuals; that one New York lawyer, a former partner of the Chief Justice of the United States, through use of the insurance-loan scheme, had paid but $299 over four years on an income for that period of more than half a million; that eighty holding companies in 1936 had paid but $735,000 on aggregate income of nearly $25,000,000, and that in 1935 less than $2,000,000 in surtax was paid by a group of holding companies with net income of more than $115,000,000—a rate of less than 2 per cent.

And these figures merely scratched the surface. They dealt with evasions—or avoidances, as the Treasury politely puts it—which it has been able to discover; at the same time it was admitted that the same companies,

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by paper transactions among themselves and their owners, which the Treasury cannot hope to find, probably saved their owners many additional millions.

Along with these general statements, of course, the Treasury witnesses also produced half a hundred names which read like a roster of the Union Club or the American Liberty League. Eight du Ponts, John J. Raskob, Thomas W. Lamont and wife, Alfred P. Sloan, Jr., and Mrs. Sloan, Alisie (sic) Mellon Bruce, two elder Mellons, Paul Block, Robert P. Scripps, Roy W. Howard and wife, and four Fishers—all possessors of personal holding companies—looked so easy that no one at the press tables had trouble identifying most of them.

Not so the Treasury witnesses, however. Although both Secretary Morgenthau and Under Secretary Magill had started off with announcements that publicity—which would seem to mean names—was expected to be as effective in checking the dodgers as new legislation, the under-officials who presented these lists seemed strangely reluctant or unable to say just who these persons were. Thus, while Robert P. Scripps was identified as head of the Scripps-Howard chain, Roy W. Howard was just a name. Paul Block, whose Consolidated Publishers Corporation enabled him to bring his tax on $1,100,000 income down to $11,000, was likewise passed over. What relation the four Fishers were to each other the Treasury said it had no idea. Committee quizzing wangled out an identification of Andrew W. Mellon and of his deceased brother, R. B., but Mrs. Mellon Bruce, with a $5,000,000 income from the Coalesced Corporation, on which she saved $332,000 in taxes, was passed over in silence.

Treasury officials explained, of course, that the practice of some personal holding companies of filing returns from a different place each year, as well as other devices, makes identification of their "beneficial owners" not always easy. George Westinghouse, Jr., for example, was just "a young man with $3,000,000 who jumps around like a bug," according to Mr. Magill.

But one possible result of this vagueness was that the report of the United Press, of which one Mr. Roy W. Howard is head, could bury this name, with no further specification, down deep in the list along with those of W. W. Hawkins, James Hammond, and Thomas L. Sidlo, other potent names in U. P. and Scripps-Howard headquarters. Some other newspapers, it is understood, also decided it was unsafe to go beyond identifications actually made, although it must be said that the Associated Press showed no hesitancy in deciding just who Thomas W. Lamont, Alfred P. Sloan, the Fisher brothers, and most of the rest of them were.

Another result was the voicing of suspicion that the Treasury was pulling its punches, and the spreading of rumor that the Justice Department had warned it to be careful of legal entanglements. And there is no doubt that Treasury officials were a little nervous about charges, spread notably by some of the big publishers named in the list, that the whole inquiry is just a political witch hunt; one official after another insisted that the names revealed were chosen "purely at random" or from groups of cases previously under investigation; and that "examples are more important than names."

Senator La Follette, however, put through a resolution without dissent providing that all names be given lest the committee be charged with discrimination. The Treasury came back with the plea that it dared not shoot until it was sure. But, said La Follette a bit later, the officials had not mentioned one case of evasion or avoidance through the personal-holding-company device which it revealed in secrecy to the Senate Finance Committee last year and which was "far more shocking" than it had disclosed so far.

The prospect of legislation to plug loopholes at this session seems uncertain, and in fact the point in urging it is not quite clear, for the thing could be done at the next session before next year's tax returns are due.

The Rosselli Brothers

BY MAX ASCOLI

WHEN Italian Fascism started its drive for power in 1919, Carlo Rosselli was 20 years old and his brother Nello was 19. They were two healthy, generous boys who had been brought up in Florence in an atmosphere of ease and culture. Their mother, Amelia Rosselli, was one of the best Italian women writers. Republican traditions and an ideal of social justice were a heritage of their family, and came to them from Mazzini, who for years had lived in close contact with their grandparents and had died in their house. Around the two brothers, among their friends in Florence, the strongest moral and intellectual influence was that of Gaetano Salvemini. When Matteotti was murdered, Carlo Rosselli joined the Socialist Party. When the press began to be muzzled he directed his activity to the printing and circulation of a clandestine paper, *Non Mollare* (*Don't Give In*), which from 1924 to 1926 exasperated the Fascist police. During the same years Carlo was a professor of economics at the University of Genoa, editor of a journal of opinion, *Il Quarto Stato,* and the leader of an underground movement.

After the Matteotti murder it became clear to the Rossellis that the fight was a deadly one. Carlo plunged into action, while Nello stayed at home, keeping alive with uncompromising integrity their center of influence.

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In 1926 Carlo carried Filippo Turati, the Socialist leader, to Corsica in a motorboat to rescue him from Fascist persecution. Then he went back to Italy in order to bring more old leaders to safety abroad. He was caught and thrown into jail, and later sent to the island of Lipari. He escaped from Lipari in 1929.

During these years of confinement he saw that Fascism was something more than a matter of illegitimate seizure of power, or political gangsterism, or popular hallucination. It had a meaning which its leaders and theorists were far from having fathomed; it marked the collapse of the whole social and moral structure of the Italian people. It was really a revolution, a terribly inhuman revolution, still unthinkable even after its triumph. Between the past and the future of Italy there was this block, this hard fact. It was impossible to go back to the old political parties, to dream of the old order. It was necessary to recognize Fascism as a reality and to destroy this reality. The solution, he thought, was an integral revolution; not only political, but social and economic.

From these ideas in Carlo's mind the movement *Giustizia e Libertà* (G.L.) was born. Many workmen and intellectuals found in it their organ—people dissatisfied with the old parties, liberals who had turned revolutionists, old revolutionaries who had grown weary of Communist discipline. G.L. was then an underground organization working in Italy with headquarters in Paris. Nuclei of G.L. were established in every Italian center, in factories and universities. The letters G.L. were scribbled on the walls of villages, on the blackboards of schoolrooms. Once they were printed in big characters in an advertisement in the *Corriere della Sera,* and did the police get mad!

It took two years for the Italian secret service to discover the main centers of the G.L. in Italy. Several times the organization had to be rebuilt, while the Special Tribunal was sending its leaders one after the other to jail. The work went on, but there were no substitutes for men like Ernesto Rossi or Riccardo Bauer, who are now spending their lives in isolated cells. Carlo Rosselli had to recognize that the revolutionary attempt had failed for the time being. Yet the struggle had to go on. But how? Against a ruthless tyrannical regime there are two possibilities: either to remain fastened to old political posts or to be dragged into the movement of the totalitarian party, trying if possible to bore from within. G.L. rejected both possibilities. It also rejected the Communist solution as too dogmatic and undemocratic. G.L. was one of the many attempts to find "something between," a "new plan" which was to be at the same time democracy and social justice. This is hard and risky enough in countries where the political struggle is kept within the frame of institutions and where it is possible to discover the needs and the moods of the people. But when the institutions which make the political struggle possible are smashed, and there is no way to reach the people, then such striving tends to move in a vacuum. There is no point of reference left. There is only sheer will that soon appears as quixotic. Almost everybody loses heart and gives in.

Carlo Rosselli was not a man to give in. G.L. became after 1932 a center of conspiracies and a testing ground for ideas. The new Italy that G.L. envisaged was a highly decentralized and possibly federal republic with public ownership of the main branches of production and private ownership of small and medium-sized farms. It wanted to reconcile the poor people with the state in which they never, under any regime, had had any part. Above all it wanted to realize what Carlo called a new humanism, a new trust in man, in his capacity to be free and to master economic forces, an absolute belief in the spiritual wealth of the Italian man. There was little abstruseness in these discussions. The contributions came chiefly from Italy, and were often written by workers.

The movement was, as Carlo liked to say, the first anti-Fascist organization in Europe, the first that was not a continuation of pre-Fascist trends. It saw that the anti-fascist revolution had to be European and perhaps universal in scope, because Fascism was a cancer of institutions and of minds—that it had to be a revolution not only of the forms of government and the modes of production, but a transformation of character as well. In the vacuum where exiled political movements dissolve, G.L. survived and grew. It was the first group to organize a battalion that fought for the Spanish government. Carlos, who led the column of G.L., was wounded near Huesca.

He was the first leader to arise out of the post-war generation in Italy. He gained his power in jail and in revolutionary activity. His name meant to thousands of young Italians personal bravery and forthright thinking. He was born endowed with intelligence and wealth and social prestige, but he preferred to gain his power as if his only asset had been his generous will. He sacrificed fortune and leisure and the opportunities of intellectual life. His designation to national leadership was his sentence of death.

His brother Nello was no less an anti-Fascist. He worked for the new Italy in a way that no police could stop: he offered the example of his life and his painstaking study of the Risorgimento. His two books, one on Mazzini and Bakunin, the other on Pisacane, are the best on those subjects. He was generally recognized as the most mature and brilliant historian of his generation. He had neither academic position nor hope for any recognition. He enjoyed telling the truth about the recent history of Italy without fear of the consequences.

No tyranny could confuse Nello Rosselli or cast him into dejection. He had an unconcerned, disarming way of his own for answering every pressure or violence. He had been twice in the islands and many times in jail. They could send him there forever. He laughed his clear ringing laugh. He could have lived and worked more freely in exile, but he felt it was better for him to live a retired life in the country of his beloved Tuscany. There was a sunny quality about him, in his smile, in his wisdom, in his sustained, undertoned intelligence. Carlo conquered his right to leadership; Nello had it by nature in the intellectual and moral sphere.

Nello went to France to visit his brother for a few days. They were both killed there June 9. A Fascist dagger of Florentine make was found near their bodies.

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It's War in Youngstown

BY ROSE M. STEIN

Youngstown, Ohio, June 24

MONDAY night, June 21, was a crucial night in the life and history of Youngstown, Ohio. All factions agreed that nothing short of a miracle would prevent serious trouble. Few people went to sleep. Near the mills, and away from them, people were gathered in groups and talked of only one thing—the strike. It had become more than a strike. War was in the air. The weeks of preparation were bound to bear fruit this night. There would be bloodshed and murder. Some time between midnight and seven the next morning the forces opposing the C. I. O. were scheduled to go "over the top," and to break through the union lines. The union people carried signs reading "They Shall Not Pass" and gathered in large numbers to guard the gates. The city and county increased their respective police forces and added to their store of munitions.

A preliminary battle had taken place two nights before. Some union men say that it was deliberately staged in an effort to test the probable extent of union resistance in the real fight. This trial skirmish took place on Saturday, June 19. Late that night, without warning or serious provocation, deputies fired upon a crowd of people, mostly workers' wives, at the Poland Avenue Republic gate. Across from that gate there is a cinder-covered empty lot where strikers not engaged in active picket duty, their families, and sympathizers were accustomed to gather. The company rented this lot and plastered "no trespassing" signs all over it. On this particular Saturday evening a number of the men were called to attend a special meeting at a spot some 200 feet away from the gate, and the women were asked to help with the picketing. A few of the women got tired and sat down to rest upon the boxes bearing "No Trespassing" signs. The police began to chase them and an argument ensued. "We'll show you," growled one of the officers, and began to shoot tear-gas. There were screams, shouts, turmoil, and in the midst of this excitement bullets began to fly. The crowd rushed down from the meeting, was greeted with more bullets, people began to fall, among them Mary Heaton Vorse, who received a bad blow in her left temple. The toll of this attack was two dead, thirty-one wounded. Scores were thrown into jail in an effort to pin the blame upon the workers, although any number of eye-witnesses saw that the gunfire came from deputies beyond the railroad tracks.

Feeling ran high. The workers were enraged by this unwarranted attack, knew that the one scheduled for Monday would be worse, and were determined to resist the onslaught, come what might. Company partisans, which included Youngstown city and Mahoning county officialdom, were equally determined to make this a decisive blow, for to them this determined resistance was not just a strike, it was organized rebellion. There is not even a pretense of impartiality in Youngstown. Tom Girdler and Frank Purnell hate the C. I. O., and are openly at war with it. Sheriff Ralph Elser and Mayor Lionel Evans just as frankly hate the C. I. O., and are just as openly waging war upon it. Then just as everything was in readiness for what was expected to be a decisive battle, word came of Governor Davey's declaration of martial law and his order to keep the mills closed. City and county officials felt outraged. All their plans and maneuvers were demolished like a house of blocks. They had to take it out on somebody, somehow. What better way than to clamp into jail all the workers they could possibly lay hands on?

If on this night of June 21 you happened to drive into Youngstown in a car bearing other than an Ohio state license, you were regarded as an undesirable foreigner, full, no doubt, of evil intentions. If you happened to have a Pennsylvania license, you were particularly suspected because, as every cop and official in Youngstown will tell you, Pennsylvania has gone Bolshevik, and no one knows from one day to the next what radical action its Governor may take. But if in addition to having a Pennsylvania license you happened to come from Aliquippa, then you were regarded as a red, a criminal, an enemy of the state, and were subject to immediate arrest. The reason for this attitude is not far to seek.

Tom Girdler spent fourteen years converting Aliquippa into the blackest hell on this side of the Mason and Dixon line. Then, seven years after his departure, Aliquippa became a free town, its workers organized, and the company recognized their organization. This was an out-and-out defeat of Girdler's terrorist policies, a defeat which plagues him privately and is cast up to him publicly. Little wonder that he hates Aliquippa workers, one and all, and wants none of them to come to Youngstown, as they had, for instance, the preceding Sunday, bringing two truck loads of food to the strikers and making public speeches about how they licked Girdler's methods in their own town. Whomever Girdler hates, the Youngstown police hate. It was not altogether surprising, therefore, that these same police should stop a car driven by an official of the Aliquippa steel workers' union, and arrest all six occupants of the car, even though two of them were Pittsburghers, one of them myself.

At 4:00 a. m. on Tuesday, as we were passing through the downtown section, on our way home, we were stopped by a police car, searched, and ordered to drive to the police station. The station ante-room was mobbed with people who had just been arrested, so that we had to wait our turn outside, just at the foot of the stairs.

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While we were waiting, we saw a police officer shove a man toward the basement cells. "Don't shove me," the man pleaded, "I'll walk down." The officer knocked him over and the man rolled down with a heavy thud. At the bottom of the flight another officer picked him up, dragged him away, and the moment he was out of our sight we heard a piercing cry of pain.

Up to this time the whole thing had seemed like something of a joke. I had credentials. None of us had done anything. Surely they would dismiss us with apologies. But the treatment of that man cast a new light upon the situation. As we were lined up in front of the desk to give our names to the clerk, a husky officer called over two matrons and ordered them "to search this woman real good." They each grabbed me by an arm and dragged me upstairs to a private room. One of them examined my purse minutely, while the other pulled away at my clothes, and in earnest surprise turned to her companion saying, "She's clean, all right." Then in a more stern voice to me, "So you thought you'd pull a fast one, just before the militia got here."

Two officers escorted me to the county jail. I learned afterwards that this was a concession, as the city jail is a *real* hell hole. "Humph," said one of the escorting officers, "so you pick up five men; not just one, but five." I said nothing. "I know you, all right," he continued, "I saw you in Aliquippa." I was tempted to ask how he had happened to see me in Aliquippa while serving on the Youngstown police force, unless perchance he was one of Girdler's "gas-pipe gang" sent down to Aliquippa during the Jones and Laughlin strike.

At the county jail the belligerent officer turned back and the other guarded me until the sheriff's office could record my name. I thought this might be an opportunity to plead my case. "There must be some mistake," I said to the officer. "I am a reporter, and would like to know by what right you arrest me." "Oh, so that's what you are, a reporter. Well, it's too bad you got mixed up with these Bolsheviks," and after a pause, again, "it's too bad." I thought for a moment that he was genuinely sorry I had gone so far astray. When the sheriff's clerk recorded my name, I again pleaded that I was a reporter, but all he said was "I know nothing about it," and the first thing I knew I was in the hoosegow.

It was a medium sized room, with two barred windows, rather airy and tolerably clean. There were four cots, three of them unoccupied and without sheets. A woman was sleeping in the fourth cot. She seemed delighted to have company, and invited me to share her cot, since it alone had sheets. I assured her that I was not sleepy. In that case neither was she sleepy. She was wide awake in a moment. "You know why I am here?" she asked. "I'm safer here than anywhere else because the C. I. O. is after me. They want to kill me." She got up, began to rush around and shout. For five hours I was subjected to this nightmare. The woman was a raving maniac. As she related the various fights she had had with the police, with hotel proprietors who had tried to oust her and who were "nothing but dirty foreigners," she would rush at me as if I were the object of her wrath. I retreated carefully, politely, pleaded with her to get some sleep, only to make her all the more angry because nobody ever wants to hear her story when in reality it was worth $500 to any magazine. I succeeded in pacifying her for about fifteen minutes while she took my pencil and paper and proceeded to write out her life's story. "When you write about me," she said, "don't call me Harriet, call me Marie. I don't want the C. I. O. to recognize me, they'll get after me again." I promised anything and everything.

The five men arrested with me were kept in the city jail and during the morning were questioned separately or in pairs. Clifford Shorts, union official and driver of the car, and Frank Fernbach, a teacher for the Workers' Schools, were called out together. "Good morning, comrades," snorted the plainclothesman who escorted them into the office of the district attorney, "how are the rest of the Russians today?" The boys let that pass. "What were you doing in Youngstown?" asked the district attorney. "Sightseeing," the boys replied. "Sightseeing, eh? Back to the hoosegow with you."

"Wise guys," said the officer who led them back to their cell, "you need to have your ears knocked in, then you'll talk." Many ears have been "knocked in," and many eyes almost knocked out. Several hundred have been arrested in Youngstown alone since the strike began May 26. A number of men were picked up during the Saturday night riot; some of these have wounds which have received no medical attention, and the men are being held incomunicado, and without trial. It is impossible for the union to keep track of all the arrests or to take proper care of them. As it is, the amount of bail furnished by the union is reaching staggering proportions.

Twelve hours after our arrest, and after pressure had been brought by a number of influential people, all six of us were released without hearing. The district attorney was apologetic. "We are simply going crazy here," he explained. "I'll tell you frankly," he said, "I'm afraid of the C. I. O. I am very much afraid of it. I am afraid that if this keeps up, in another year or two people like me will be put up against the wall and shot." Mayor Daniel Shields of Johnstown, and the Chamber of Commerce officials, who backed him in his shortlived attempt to incite a riot against the "greasers" and "hunkies," were equally worried when Governor Earle ordered the Bethlehem plant closed. Officials who do the dirty work for the Girdlers, the Schwabs, and the Purnells fear for their own heads. It is no longer a question in these towns of enforcing the law, of doing what is right or what is one's duty. Non-partisanship does not exist. They are all partisan. If someone is discovered carrying a club or a gun, he is arrested and beaten not because he has violated a specific statute, but because he belongs to the enemy side. Sides have been definitely chosen. On the one hand is the C. I. O., fighting desperately to maintain and to augment the phenomenal strength and power it has so far attained; on the other are the enraged employers and frightened, muddle-headed, subservient officials, whose absolute power is being curbed. The war of resistance is in full swing.

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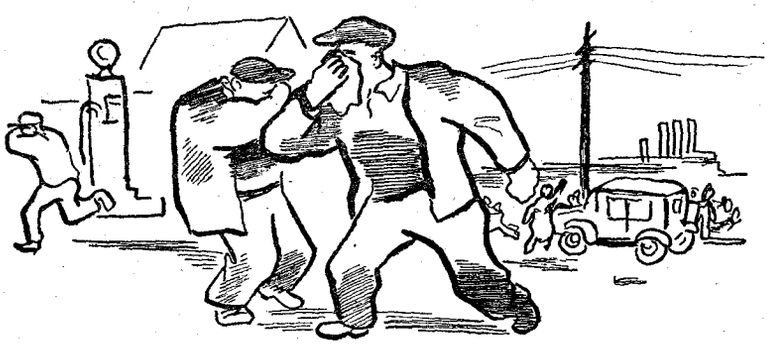
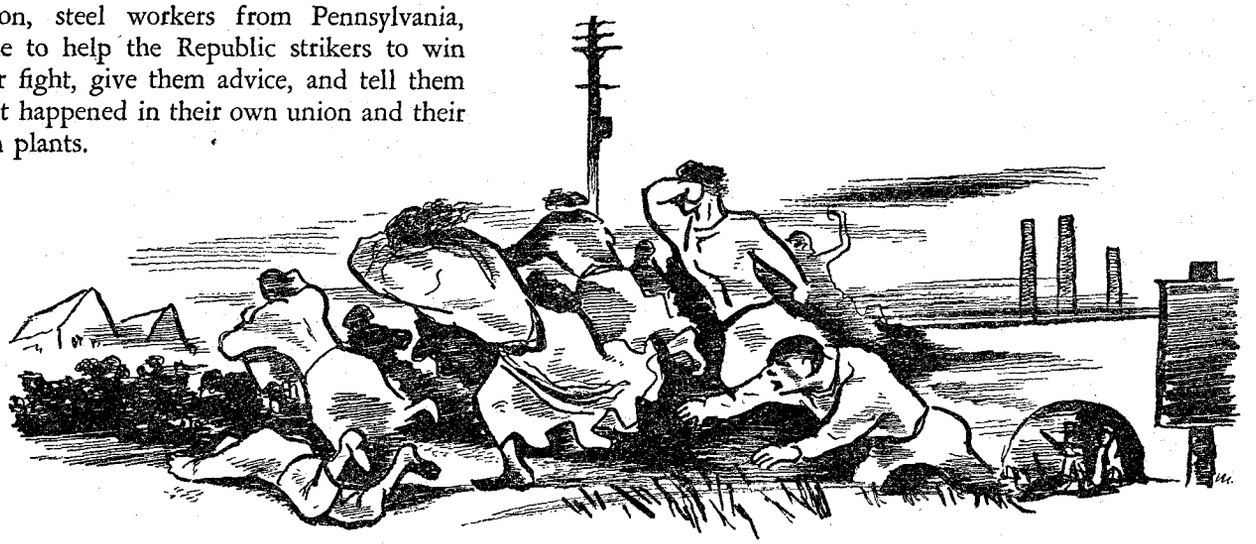
Gropper Visits Youngstown

YOUNGSTOWN is bounded on the north by mill owners, on the south by the steel mills, on the east by a dingy section where workers live, and on the west by more workers' houses. Police and deputies in armed motor cars ride through the city looking for action. Near the entrances to the mills the striking pickets walk or sit day and night. Not far off stand deputized police armed with guns, clubs, and cartridge belts—one of these deputized policemen is the son of a mill worker who is on the picket line. Open meetings are held every night; women and children as well as the strikers attend these meetings. Speeches are delivered through loud speakers from the C. I. O. trucks by union leaders and other strike sympathizers.



Union people from other industries and other localities mingle with the Youngstown strikers and their families. Rubber workers from Akron, steel workers from Pennsylvania, come to help the Republic strikers to win their fight, give them advice, and tell them what happened in their own union and their own plants.



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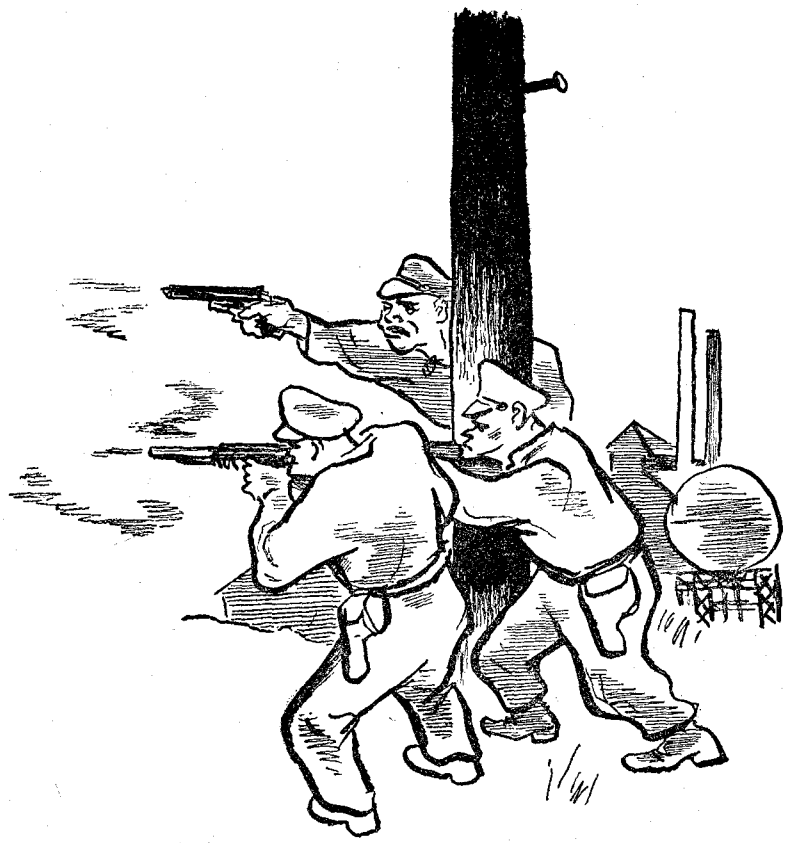

At about nine o'clock in the evening, in front of Gate 5 of the Republic plant, the police got into an argument with the women and ordered them to leave. The women refused, and three shots of tear gas were fired into the crowd. Across the street strikers were holding a meeting. Screams were drowned out by shell fire. Strikers ran in every direction; many of them hurled rocks at the police, others ran to find weapons. More blasts from the police rifles—and then cars full of special police drove by, firing low at the mass of people. Tear bombs were thrown into nearby houses, and women and children came running out with tears in their eyes, choking and looking for a place to hide. The shooting continued until after midnight. According to the next morning's paper, two were killed and twenty-eight hurt. This was my introduction to Youngstown, the first stop on my trip West.

WILLIAM GROPPER

On East Federal Street, in a poor colored section of Youngstown, is the headquarters of the truck drivers' union, which has been actively supporting the strike. This union supplies thousands of loaves of bread a day to the striking families; the truck drivers also have their own sound truck in which they ride around the city giving the latest news and announcing the time and place of union meetings. Radio broadcasting privileges are denied to the strikers.

Saturday was women's day on the picket lines. Some of them had children in their arms.

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Wanted: A British C. I. O.

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

London, June 2

THE London bus strike ended, after a month, in the return of the men to work without any of their objectives gained. The government tribunal of inquiry reported that the effect of the hours of labor on the health of the men should be investigated by a special court of experts and suggested that some of the working schedules were onerous and needed readjustment. It added that, where the ordinary negotiations fail, an arbitration tribunal within the enterprise seemed desirable. On the men's demands for the seven-hour day it expressed no view at all.

The busmen themselves showed a hundred per cent solidarity throughout the strike. On three occasions they rejected the proposed settlement by overwhelming majorities; they demanded, instead, an extension of the strike to the trams and the subway. This was refused by the executive of the Transport Workers' Union (of which the busmen are a section). Last Thursday, the executive took the conduct of the strike into its own hands. It accepted the terms of the Transport Authority and ordered the men back to work. Some time in the near future, no doubt, the discussions between the union and the Transport Board (which have already dragged along for two years) will be resumed.

The return to work has been hailed by the capitalist press as a great victory for Mr. Bevin, the secretary of the union, over his own extremists. If that is so, it seems to me a Pyrrhic victory. The men are not convinced that the union has given them a square deal. It was obvious that, so long as the busmen struck alone, they had no chance of success; and the union's refusal to call out the other transport workers put the means of victory in their opponents' hands. They will have their grievances looked at again; they have no assurance at all that they will be remedied. They know that this reexamination could have taken place without a strike; they therefore do not understand why their executive permitted them to embark upon a fruitless adventure which has cost their funds something like half a million dollars. Nor are they satisfied with Mr. Bevin's conduct of their case before the tribunal. His major argument was the effect of the long hours, under strain of modern traffic conditions, upon the health of the men. He has been urging this on the Transport Board for two years. But when he came to make his argument, he had no organized evidence of a weighty character to put before the tribunal. He relied upon the superficial impressions of three medical men who had made no scientific study of the problem. What it called for, clearly, was something akin to the famous Brandeis brief in *Muller v. Oregon*. Mr. Bevin had two years in which to prepare such a brief; he had taken no serious steps to that end. Members of his union have impressed on me their dismay at the inadequacy of the case he made.

The men's case seems to me a powerful one; and as Mr. Bevin has, so far, issued no detailed reply to it, his policy remains unexplained. Some say that he attributes the strike movement to Communist influences in the union, and that he has taught them a salutary lesson. But Communist influences could not have produced so remarkable a solidarity among the men unless the grievances had been profoundly felt; and the settlement Mr. Bevin has negotiated still leaves their remedy a largely open question. An outsider cannot but think that Mr. Bevin went into the dispute without any hope of success and took the shortest road to its conclusion. His attitude is typical of a spirit of defeatism which pervades the leadership of British trade unionism at the present time. In a boom period of British industry there is no organized movement for improved conditions. There is a tendency to avoid disputes at all costs. Prices and profits rise everywhere; but just as in the political field, there is no thorough-going opposition from the Labor Party, so, in industry, the tendency of trade-union leadership is to acquiescence in the *status quo*. Criticism of this attitude is declared to be due to communism. That, rather than capitalism, seems, at the moment, to be the enemy with which the trade-union leaders are concerned. Certainly Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine know, and speak, their minds far more freely about the sins of Communists than about any other aspect of our social organization.

This episode, I think, is important as an example of the position in which British trade unionism finds itself at the present time. Today, there are somewhat more than 3½ million trade unionists; but there are rather more than 13½ million insured persons in industry. Trade unionism is strong in railways, mining, ship-building, and textiles; in, that is to say, the old established industries with a long tradition of organization. But in the trades concerned with food, drink, and tobacco the percentage of trade unionism is only five; in the miscellaneous metal trades it is only three; in the distributive trades it is only eleven. There is hardly any trade-union organization among clerical workers, in hotels and restaurants, or in laundries. There is probably still less in the new motor and allied metal industries. Trade unionism is weak in the building trade and in the expanding industry of artificial silk. It is weak in agriculture, in clothing, and in the furnishing trades. It has no great hold on road transport outside the great urban centers of population. All this, moreover, must be set against the 8½ million trade unionists who were affiliated to the Trades Union Congress in 1920.

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What are the reasons for this decline? They are certainly susceptible of no simple explanation. (i) In part, it is due to the fact that government, through the social services, now performs for the worker many of the functions previously performed by the unions. (ii) In part, it is the outcome of the new machine-technology. The semi-skilled of the new factories do not require the long apprenticeship the old crafts called for, and can be transferred fairly easily from one occupation to another. The hold of the unions on such workers is relatively small. (iii) In part, again, it is due to the increasing employment of women, who are notoriously more difficult to organize. (iv) Partly, it is due to the transfer of industry to the South, where the tradition of trade-union organization is much weaker than in the North. (v) The development of transport has had an important influence. Workers have much less contact than previously outside the factory because they live in a much more scattered area. (vi) There has been no great forward drive for organization among the newer industries. The unions have consolidated their efforts in the trades where they already have a hold rather than sought to tackle unexplored and difficult territory. Where they have made the effort, as in the distributive trades, the return has been small outside the cooperative movement. (vii) Long depression has wrought a good deal of havoc. Unemployment, as always, has meant lapses from membership on a gigantic scale. (viii) The form of trade-union organization is rarely suited to the new conditions of industry. Its basis is still mainly the craft; and the relegation of skill to a very minor place in the new technology of mass production requires an adaptation of trade-union forms which is not being seriously attempted. (ix) The existence of an immense reserve of labor untouched by trade unions tends to diminish the sense of trade-union solidarity. The power of the employer to resist trade-union encroachment has been greatly increased by this consideration. In its turn, this has meant an unaggressive policy on the part of the unions; and this has been a cause, naturally enough, of declining faith in its protective ability. (x) The concentration, finally, of trade-union effort on standard conditions for each craft in a world where each factory or shop tends to a distinctive technique of production makes the old ideal of uniformity inapplicable. New methods are required; and the trade-union leaders do not like to face the need of new methods. That is why so many modern strikes tend to be unofficial. These are discouraged by the unions as subversive of discipline; and this, in its turn, has the effect of persuading the workers that, at the critical point of conflict, they cannot rely on the union.

This is, of course, a too brief analysis of a much more complicated position; any full analysis would require to expand each of these causes, and to take into account political and psychological considerations for which I have here no space. The essential point I want to make is that the Trades Union Congress is rapidly drifting in British industry into the same position as the American Federation of Labor in American industry. There is the same craft basis, the same inability to expand, the same incapacity of adaptation to new conditions, the same tendency to dismiss the spontaneous expression of mass grievance as due to subversive influences, the same inability to realize that technological change has made this aristocracy an oasis in a largely unexplored desert. The power of the great unions is shrinking rapidly in proportion to the whole industrial field. The ability of the employers to be aggressive or, alternatively, to receive aggression with equanimity is correspondingly greater. It is noteworthy that, in the London bus strike, beyond the formal act of constituting the Court of Inquiry, the government never needed to intervene at all. Once the strike was confined to the busmen, public inconvenience was never sufficient, granted alternative means of conveyance, to compel the attention of the Minister of Transport or of Parliament. It is not improbable, moreover, that the union was anxious to avoid this attention lest it brought the dispute within the ambit of the Trades Disputes Act of 1927—one of Mr. Baldwin's contributions to the cause of that industrial peace for which he loved to plead.

My point is the simple one that either there must be a renovation of trade-union foundations in Great Britain, or its decay is certain. I do not need to dwell upon the consequences of that decay except to insist that it would open a wide door to fascism in this country, since it would emphasize the inability of the workers to resist the worsening of their conditions. Renovation means a new spirit, and new methods; perhaps it means also new men. Certainly it will require a new relation between the crafts and the unskilled, the acceptance of the factory as a unit of organization, the revival of the shop stewards and the works committees which played so signal a part in the maintenance of trade-union committees during the war. There will have to be much greater decentralization if the national executives are not to develop into a bureaucracy remote from the lives of ordinary workers; here it is not insignificant that the sons of working-class leaders do not tend to stay in the class to which their fathers belonged when they began in mine or factory. And the unions will have to learn ways of impressing their claims upon public opinion far more direct and skillful than any which they now employ. Unless they realize in time their diminishing hold upon the loyalty of the working class they will be unable, within a generation, to perform their essential function even within the framework of the capitalist system.

It is not, finally, enough to say that this diminishing hold in the industrial field is being replaced through the Labor Party by a new sense of political solidarity. The strength of the Labor Party depends upon the strength of the trade unions. Any failure adequately to organize the workers in industry has immense and immediate ramifications on their power of political expression. And, in any case, the power of the political movement has been gravely weakened in these last six years by nothing so much as the defeatism of the trade unions. A new spirit is needed in the whole labor effort. It will not come unless the movement begins to win victories; and organization is the secret of victory. The British labor movement needs something like the energy and will of the C. I. O.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

THE change in *The Nation's* ownership has given me great satisfaction. I agree with Mr. Wertheim and Miss Kirchwey that if the ownership and editorship of a journal can be combined it is by all odds the best arrangement. That was my fortunate situation from 1918 to 1932; indeed, I have been favored beyond most journalists in that in all my forty years in newspapers I have never had to take orders from anybody; I cannot put the responsibility for my failures and mistakes upon anyone else. I am proud of the fact that Miss Kirchwey practically began her training with me and has spent nineteen years with *The Nation*. It was natural, right, and proper that she should have the opportunity to take over the paper to which she has given so much of herself and so many years of able journalistic service.

I must, however, correct, for the sake of historical accuracy, certain slips which appeared in the editorials in the issues of June 12 and 19. Thus it is not true that *The Nation* began its career "first as an affiliate of the New York *Evening Post*." *The Nation* of Edwin L. Godkin and Wendell P. Garrison was not allied to the *Evening Post* until 1881, sixteen years after its first issue appeared. Then Mr. Godkin became editor of the *Evening Post* and Mr. Garrison succeeded to the editorship of *The Nation,* and held it for twenty-six years. Its first sixteen years as an independent organization, from 1865 to 1881, constitute the most brilliant period of its long life. Indeed, its influence upon American literature, our universities, and the political world, from 1865 to 1900, can never be overestimated. It is attested by the fact that even today no history of this period is written without the most copious reference to *The Nation*. No other journal in all our history has printed such authoritative foreign and domestic correspondence, and none has had so distinguished a group of authoritative reviewers as *The Nation* in those years. No other weekly in the English language ever set higher critical standards or labored so to obtain the best expert opinions available in England or the United States. They have never been approached since, by *The Nation* or any other journal. This is no idle boasting, but merely echoing the words of authority on both sides of the Atlantic. Unfortunately, few such scholars and experts are available today.

Next, as to the financial record of *The Nation*. During its first independent existence, from 1865 to 1881, *The Nation* repeatedly paid its way; there is no record known to me of new capital being put in after 1872. To claim, therefore, that *The Nation* from 1932 to 1934 achieved a state of self-support reached only once before in its history—in 1928—is obviously quite erroneous. During the affiliation of *The Nation* with the *Evening Post* there were many years when it met all of its out-of-pocket expenses and maintained itself. It is only fair to point out, however, that because of the association with the *Evening Post* great economies were possible and its overhead extremely small—*The Nation's* book reviews appeared in the *Evening Post* also, and the *Evening Post's* editorials were used by *The Nation*. As for the period of my editorship, *The Nation* was again established as an independent journal and the foundation laid for its present prosperity. Annual surpluses could often have been forced if the purpose had not been to produce the best possible magazine with a full staff. So much for history.

As for the future I, too, believe that the times are more favorable for liberal magazines to pay their own way than ever before. It is hard to recall the public state of mind when *The Nation* began its second independent career and especially after the Peace Conference. When *The Nation* attacked the treaty of peace on its publication, and called it the "madness of Versailles" friends implored me to be careful. They really believed that, although the war was over, I and my associates were in danger of jail. Even three years later the editor was mobbed in Cincinnati on the ground that he had been in the pay of the Kaiser all through the war! College teachers who then subscribed to *The Nation* carefully hid their copies in their bedrooms. One man was actually arrested and jailed in Denver because the police found "dangerously Communistic literature" in his room—as photographed in the press the next day the incriminating documents were all back numbers of *The Nation*. We have come a long distance since then. Certainly no one today would stand up for the Treaty of Versailles, or call it else than a bundle of abominations.

Finally, much as I rejoice at *The Nation's* present prosperity, a word of caution may still be in place. Nothing is so changeable as fashions in magazines. The more I regard *The Nation's* history the more remarkable does it seem to me that it has lived to be seventy-two years old. Dead are all its original rivals and contemporaries, notably the *Independent,* the *Outlook,* the *Observer, Harper's Weekly, Leslie's Weekly,* and many more, while the religious weeklies wield, with one or two fine exceptions, only a shadow of their former influence. And how many have perished which started up during this period! Sometimes I feel that *The Nation* may have survived strictly because the profit motive was completely secondary, because its owners were persons who wished to better human society rather than to make money. Undoubtedly its essential courage and honesty counted largely, too. And these qualities, I know, the fine, old paper will have under Freda Kirchwey.

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BROUN'S PAGE

Tom Girdler Takes the Stand

IN my forced role of being under obligation to read a great many newspapers, the first of the workday week is generally Blue Monday to me because that is the morning when both Dorothy Thompson and George E. Sokolsky try to be funny in the New York *Herald Tribune*. And to make it even tougher, the two columnists have adopted the same device for their humorous effects—an interview with Mr. Babbitt.

Tom Girdler, the rough guy, was very nervous when he began his testimony before the Senate Post Office Committee in spite of the fact there were no saber-toothed tigers among the inquisitors. He seemed to be a little slow and ill-informed in recognizing those particular Senators who were stooges for his cause. For instance, it took him almost five minutes to realize that Rush Holt, the backward boy from West Virginia, was trying to fan him with a towel at a time when he, Tom Girdler, was just a little groggy because of a few light left jabs. When the chairman of Republic Steel awoke to the fact that Rush was definitely in his corner and that Bailey, of North Carolina, was approaching with a water bucket and the smelling salts he grew more confident and began to strut his stuff. And at this point he larded his testimony with one of the tallest sob-stuff yarns which has ever been introduced to a Congressional committee. It seems, according to Mr. Girdler's story, that one of the "loyal workers" in one of the "beleaguered plants" had not missed mass in twenty-nine years. Mr. Girdler, as he drew a self-portrait of the chairman of Republic, intimated that while Tom might seem tough in certain situations he actually possessed a heart of gold underneath it all. And it was Tom Girdler in person, according to the tale, who scurried about and found a priest who "at the risk of his life" was willing to pass through the C. I. O. picket lines in order to see that a record of never-a-missed-mass-in-twenty-nine-years should be preserved. This sounded somewhat implausible, since a very heavy proportion of C. I. O. members in both steel and motors are themselves good Catholics, and so it was hard to accept the estimate that a priest would be interfered with in any mission. Moreover, Tom Girdler seemed to sense the fact, belatedly, that it might be a mistake to raise the religious issue without rounding it out. And so as an afterthought he threw in, "And I also took occasion to procure Protestant ministers for those loyal workers who could not get to church on account of the menacing attitude of the C. I. O."

One observer at the press table was gravely tempted to break through the decorum which quite properly surrounds the working newspapermen. He wanted to cup his hands and shout at Tom, "What! No rabbis?"

As a matter of fact, the histrionic attempts of Girdler set a new dramatic low since the days of "Abie's Irish Rose." It seems unlikely that he is qualified to fill the role of the romantic tough guy. He is not the type. If I may be permitted to digress, it has been said that you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, and I am very skeptical as to whether any other portion of the pig can be made into a kind of Captain Flagg of finance capital.

In a recent syndicated column called (I'm sorry, but the title escapes me) Westbrook Pegler mentioned the fact that he had been able to get a long interview with John L. Lewis through the good offices of General Johnson. He also intimated that it took some doing because Lewis was "sore" at some of Pegler's columns. I suspect that Westbrook Pegler went to slightly more trouble than he needed to. The president of the United Mine Workers reads papers voraciously, and in all likelihood he had seen Mr. Pegler's comments or had them "called to his attention." However, it is a familiar fact among the working newspapermen and women of Washington that John L. Lewis sees all reporters who want to talk to him, utterly regardless of whether they happen personally to be for or against him. Of all public figures in Washington Lewis is by all odds the most accessible. Seeing John L. is just about as easy as seeing the Washington Monument. General Johnson, what with one thing and another, is a very busy man. "Peg" need not have put him to all that trouble.

Girdler is not at the moment popular with Washington reporters. He refused steadfastly to talk to any newspapermen on the day he appeared before a Senate Committee. He did not uphold the democratic tradition set by J. P. Morgan which was very useful to headline writers during the munitions hearings. Mr. Morgan made all his worst slips in talking to the reporters. To be sure, as a matter of sheer realism Girdler might say, "Why should I take a chance with the reporters? After all, they are a good deal smarter than the Senators." That would be all right if Tom Girdler had not entered so wholeheartedly into the build-up of himself as the bold and frank defender of human liberty who is never afraid to speak his piece. And on top of that he used one of those unfortunate compromises. Just before he took a plane for Cleveland a few reporters nailed him at the airport. As soon as he landed he issued one of those blanket "I was misquoted" statements, which always makes a good reporter sore because he is right in thinking that the man who hollers "misquoted" in very many cases is merely crawling because he does not like his own words when he sees them in cold type.

In fact, I hear a rumor that some of the Washington fraternity are planning to run Tom Girdler for All-American Heel this autumn in the hope that he can carry all the usual states and also Maine and Vermont.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Bonaparte: Through Marxist Eyes

BONAPARTE. By Eugene Tarlé. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos. Knight Publications. $4.50.

EUGENE TARLE is professor of history at the university in Leningrad. He has made a special investigation of Napoleon's "European System" in its economic aspects, and the fruits of that research are included in the present "Bonaparte." To reduce Tarlé's results to a word, they show that even in Napoleon's day the economic interdependence of the countries of Europe was enough of a fact to be visible to the eye, and especially to Napoleon's eye. The Emperor took for his economic thermometer the silk industry at Lyons and he observed that to plunder conquered countries or impoverish them with heavy indemnities ruined the foreign luxury market of France, so that the national treasury lost more income from taxes than it gained by indemnities. In the Russian campaign an interesting economic triangle developed between Russia, England, and France. After cutting off her market for luxuries in Russia, France could not get enough money to buy cheap textiles from England, which the Emperor was obliged to introduce by contraband, so that the Russian war ruined French industry and at the same time reduced the standard of living of the French masses. There were moments, and even periods, in the Napoleonic wars when Paris gained economically from the conquest of other countries, and Napoleon sometimes had the support of the financial classes in his wars. But just as often he had them against him. The feelings of the mob in Paris also exhibit considerable fluctuations of war sentiment in correlation with hard times and prosperous times. But, on the whole, the farther one presses the economic interpretation of the Napoleonic wars, the more evident it becomes that sentimental pressures were far more important than any others in producing those titanic convulsions, and more than anything else, the bitter-end resolve of Europe not to accept the Revolution, whatever the cost. That was Napoleon's own sober conclusion as he looked back on his career from St. Helena.

One cannot touch the Napoleonic epic at any point without becoming engrossed in the drama of it, and once Professor Tarlé has made his dutiful Marxian gesture, not excluding a number of attacks in his earlier pages on Napoleon as a murderer of proletarians, he feels free to let himself go and fall in with the rhythm of the legend. I have never been able to decide whether the Columbus story or the Napoleon story is the best story in history. Perhaps, in view of the vast size of its canvas and the complexity of the elements that it touches, the Napoleon story is the one that can most often be reread with delight. Professor Tarlé has certainly caught the story aspect of Napoleon's career in a fine adjustment of brevity to adequacy, and of color to historical generality, and all of the readableness of the Russian original must have come over in the smooth and forceful translation of Mr. Cournos.

The moralistic judgment that Napoleon was a man of inordinate ambition who did not hesitate to sacrifice thousands of lives to his vanity is probably ineradicable; and to the old charges Professor Tarlé now adds the rebuke that Napoleon did not foresee clearly enough the world that opened in 1917, and on the whole spoke contemptuously of rioting mobs of proletarians. Objective history will probably cling to the view that Napoleon, more clearly than any of the other leaders of his time, caught the vision of the world that the nineteenth century was to know and forced it upon Europe by shattering the fossilized fabric of the old regime by the sheer force of his military genius and by his constructive statesmanship. Among the generals he was the only one who could always win, and among the statesmen he was the only one who did make a reform when he had the chance. The dynastic aspect of Napoleon's career, which is also the comic aspect, especially when the story of his family is added, probably reflects more closely his view of Europe than his view of himself. That it was a sound view the after-history of his family shows amply enough, to say nothing of the exhibition that monarchical sentiments in presumably civilized peoples are making of themselves in our own day.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON

Creative Sensibility

SELECTED POEMS, WITH AN ESSAY ON HER OWN POETRY. By Edith Sitwell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.

THERE are certain elements in Miss Sitwell's work, as she herself recognizes, that make it foreign to all but a limited circle of readers. This is the more to be regretted because, like Wordsworth and Traherne before her, she enjoys a "creative sensibility" which makes the world new. One of the barriers to intelligibility is the very sharpness of her sense impressions and the extraordinary rapidity with which they follow each other. The second is the rural and at the same time aristocratic landscape which was the setting of her childhood and which continues to furnish her with material for poetry. Her sensory equipment leads her to employ synaesthetic effects with the freedom of a Mallarmé or a Rimbaud, and since, again like the symbolists, she holds the world of appearance to be but a screen for a deeper spiritual reality, she adds a metaphysical difficulty to the obscurities of her method.

Some of these problems are touched upon in the essay which prefaces the present volume. It is dedicated to John Sparrow, whose little book, "Sense and Poetry," deals intelligently if too briefly with the difficulties and rewards offered by Miss Sitwell's work. He said of her there that she had done not a little to "extend the range of recognizable associations (and thus of metaphor) . . . and so to open the eyes of her generation to aspects of things and similarities between them to which their predecessors were blind." He also argued against the extreme privacy of some of her allusions. That privacy is not noticeably lessened by her latest attempt to give the sympathetic reader the keys to the city of her mind. Indeed, her essay merely repeats, sometimes in identical words, what she has said elsewhere about her processes. Furthermore, like her previous expositions, this is so largely devoted to the effects of tone-color in her verse

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as to slight other less obvious and equally important aspects of it.

Miss Sitwell, as her critical no less than her creative writings bear witness, is exquisitely aware of the refinements of verbal texture. Certain syllables, certain relations between vowels and consonants, express particular sensations for her so exactly that she is assured they must have the same significance for every sensitive reader. Typical in everything but its restraint is her statement that "the ethereal quality of the plant world, the slow growth of the plant, the color and scent of the rose are conveyed by the different wave-lengths of the vowels" in one passage. Granted that this technical device is part of every poet's equipment, yet Miss Sitwell's extravagant claims for its effectiveness have an unfortunate influence on her work. Not seldom she sacrifices the melodic line to the tone-color of her verse. She tends to ignore the fact that too close attention to these subtleties may injure the larger pattern of grouped lines. Nor does she appear to realize that even those sensitive to such matters may differ as to the interpretation of certain abstract sounds or rhythms, or that the purely aural associations of a word may not be the most powerful. Hence she refuses to admit that her failures in communication are largely due to discrepancies between individual reactions.

In spite of her preoccupation with technique, as evidenced by her many experiments, in spite also of her nostalgia for the felicities of her sheltered childhood, Miss Sitwell is not able to live wholly in retreat. Gold Coast Customs, for example, is expressive of the poet's horror at a world in which "man is part ravenous beast of prey, part worm, part ape, or is but the worm turned vertebrate"; it is her indictment of a civilization in which the vulgarity of the *nouveaux riches* is only more disgusting than the debasement of the exploited poor. Her attempt here to "give the concentrated essence of the present age" is not greatly helped by analogies drawn between contemporary brutalities and those described by Hegel in that chapter of his "Philosophy of History" which deals with Africa. The poem is further flawed by a dancing rhythm, presumably supposed to emphasize the grotesque character of urban life today but actually defeating its purpose. It is the vividness of the ghastly imagery that stamps the poem ineradicably upon the mind and almost, though not quite, redeems its serious faults.

There is abundant evidence that Miss Sitwell suffers with what she calls "the wounded and suffering soul" of the contemporary world. Even her evocations of parks and gardens as remote and fair as the Fortunate Islands are crossed by a painful consciousness of boorish countries beyond. Her poetry is most successful, however, where she remembers the scents and colors, the sounds and stirrings of a golden past. To read these enchanting passages is to be reminded of the famous meditation of Traherne's on his own intimations of immortality: "The corn was orient and immortal wheat which never should be reaped nor was ever sown. I thought it had stood from everlasting to everlasting." One feels that, like Traherne, with much ado she "was corrupted and made to learn the dirty devices of this world." Her poetry is a testament to the struggle she has endured in seeking to unlearn those dirty devices and to recapture that orient light. She has come out scarred from the struggle, and her triumph has not been complete. One remains grateful for those poems or parts of poems, sometimes for a single line, that briefly remind us of "the celestial, great, and stable treasures" to which, like the shoemaker's son of Hereford, this descendant of Angevin kings was born.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

Today's Neurotics

THE NEUROTIC PERSONALITY OF OUR TIME. By Dr. Karen Horney. W. W. Norton and Company. $3.

THE most challenging social-science problem of our time lies in the antithesis between Freudian psychoanalysis and Marxian sociology. I believe the social science of the future will be largely a synthesis of these, a sociologized psychoanalysis, or, if your bias lies the other way, call it a psychologized Marxism. Most attempts of Marxists to deal critically with the problems of psychoanalysis are not merely superficial; they are quite frankly silly: "Capitalism breeds neurosis," and, vice versa, "Communists all had a bad time in the Oedipus situation." Such rubbish completely evades the basic issue and after a time becomes wearisome.

To come, therefore, upon a book entitled "The Neurotic Personality of Our Time," by so distinguished a psychoanalyst as Karen Horney, raised my highest hopes. Lines in the introduction left me warmly excited. For instance, "I believe that a strict adherence to all of Freud's theoretical interpretations entails the danger of tending to find in neuroses what Freud's theories lead one to expect to find. It is the danger of stagnation. I believe that deference for Freud's gigantic achievements should show itself in building on the foundations that he has laid, and that in this way we can help to fulfill the possibilities which psychoanalysis has for the future, as a theory as well as a therapy." Yet I must confess that by the time I laid the book aside I had cooled down considerably.

There are two excellent, skilfully developed ideas in the opening chapters which are the basic postulates for the argument of the book as a whole: (1) Neurosis may be defined only in terms of culture, so that the social side of the problem of socio-psycho-biology must be more stressed than it has been by the chief adherents of Freud in the past; (2) although it is necessary to know of the infantile experiences of the neurotic to understand the neurosis, the present life situation of the individual is perhaps of equal importance. But true and important as both of these postulates are, Dr. Horney's service at the present time has been rather in emphasizing them than in making an original contribution. The chief service of these chapters will lie in disabusing the layman's mind about certain misplaced emphases in the psychoanalysis of the past.

The rest of the book, with the exception of the last chapter, presents Dr. Horney's description of the neurotic personality as it follows from her basic postulates. Here there is much material which will interest the profession and entertain, amuse, or perhaps in some cases worry the layman. There are new interpretations of the problem of masochism; new implications of the neurotic need for affection are pointed out; a new theory of neurotic guilt feelings is developed. Dr. Horney writes well in a rambling anecdotal style. The layman who reads the book will end with a fair picture of what neuroticism consists of, but he will probably have difficulty in reducing his impressions to precise formulations. There is, it seems to me, an unnecessary looseness in the presentation.

This looseness comes chiefly from Dr. Horney's attempt to present a generalized picture in "plain language" and to treat the neurotic as a character type without differentiating the various neuroses. Such an attempt, however, is scientifically a mistaken endeavor. If we grant that Dr. Horney has taken a step beyond the more orthodox analysts in her

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emphasis on cultural factors, we must also point out that she has taken two steps backward in building her theory in such a generalized fashion. The chief contribution of psychoanalysis to modern medicine has been the systematic theory of the neuroses. This theory, although subject to criticism on methodological grounds, is systematic in that it shows the detailed interrelationships between symptoms and characters. I believe nothing is to be gained by neglecting the precise details for larger generalities. For this reason it is impossible to recommend the book as an introduction to psychoanalytical theory.

Since so much of Dr. Horney's work is concerned with hostility, it is interesting to note the ill-concealed hostility toward Freud and other analysts through this section of the work. Much is said quite generally about Freud's "gigantic contributions," "monumental discoveries," and the like, but these are often criticized rather severely without having been given accurate presentation. To take only one example, Dr. Horney denies the universality of the Oedipus situation by pointing out that Freud's patients were neurotics with neurotic parents. Nothing is said of the behavior studies of children, the psychoanalysis of normals, the studies of sex perversion, the many works in the field of belles-lettres which support Freud's contentions about the Oedipus situation. Dr. Horney also presents a very one-sided picture of Freud's ideas about anxiety, and of his definition of sexuality.

The last chapter returns to the problem of culture and neurosis. It can only be described as thin. One might gain from it the impression that modern psychoanalysis has really very few implications for sociology. Actually, besides Freud, many others like Alexander, Kardiner, and Williams have dealt with the problem. There is no discussion of their work. The competitive nature of our culture, woman's position in it, the need for conspicuous consumption are posted as factors creating the neurotic personality of our time. Not one word about the economic system, nothing about politics, nothing about general problems of social organization. Dr. Horney apologizes for not being a sociologist. But when we think of the fools that step in, here is truly a case of an angel fearing to tread. The time is ripe for a real coming to grips with these problems. Meanwhile Dr. Horney is to be congratulated if through this book she succeeds in stimulating the interest of psychoanalysts in cultural problems and the interest of sociologists in psychoanalysis.

J. F. BROWN

The Common Health

POVERTY AND PUBLIC HEALTH. By G. C. M. M'Gonigle and J. Kirby. Victor Gollancz, Ltd., London. Six shillings.

THIS book, published abroad but not yet scheduled for publication here, contains much factual information of timely interest in America. It presents a comprehensive survey of the state of the public health in England on the basis of available statistics. It also records the results of slum clearance works in England, and it is these findings that have a direct bearing upon pending legislation designed to alleviate slum conditions here.

With a keen appreciation for scientific accuracy (woefully lacking among our own public health workers), the authors have collected their data and presented them simply. A brief summary of two of their most striking investigations into the relationship between poverty and health—which is at present a subject of lively discussion in England—will best illustrate the scope and significance of this volume. In Stockton-on-Tees, where Dr. M'Gonigle is Medical Officer of Health, a slum area was demolished some years ago, and its inhabitants transported to a new housing development. One reason for the change was the abnormally high death rate in the slum, which exceeded the death rate in the rest of the town by 86 per cent. The new dwellings were all that could be desired in model housing; yet a survey of these families, made at the end of five years, showed that their death rate was even higher than before, exceeding the general rate for the town by 178 per cent. In the light of these figures, it would seem that slum clearance had been detrimental.

In their capacity as public health officers, the authors sought the reason for this unexpected increase, and found it. The new apartments rented at a slightly higher figure than the old, and necessitated an additional expenditure for transportation of wage earners. The wages of the people living there, however, remained just where they had been before removal to the model village. This extra living cost had to be deducted entirely from the food bill. Worse yet, to make up in bulk for the cut in the daily ration, housewives had shifted their purchases to carbohydrates, encroaching on an already minimal protein allowance. The solid fact brought out by this study is that people living in slum housing earn so little and live so close to the margin of starvation that it is impossible to raise their rents or other living expenses in any way without seriously affecting their nutrition.

Another study, made at Newcastle-on-Tyne, dealt with the health status of two groups of children: one composed of children from professional families, the other of children from families maintained by the dole. The criterion used here was the hemoglobin index, a figure of 75 per cent being taken as normal. In the professional group, 84 per cent had an index of 75 per cent or better, while in the group supported by the dole, 71 per cent of the children were below par. A similar study of the children of American families on federal relief would be of great interest.

The foreword to this volume was written by Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins, past president of the Royal Society and an authority on nutrition. He directs England's attention to these important data, and calls upon the government to take action. Scientific men of prominence in England do not hesitate to express themselves publicly on national problems on which they are qualified to speak. In the United States it is considered somewhat undignified to be found in the market place. The public health departments in our universities, at least, could make real contributions to preventive medicine if they would conduct similar surveys and publish the unvarnished data in brief form.

HUGH H. DARBY

The Poet as Prophet

MILTON AND WORDSWORTH, POETS AND PROPHETS. A STUDY OF THEIR REACTIONS TO POLITICAL EVENTS. By Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"SURELY," says Sir Herbert during one of the arguments he conducts here with the critical school of T. S. Eliot, "there may be more than one kind of good poetry." Leaving aside the question whether Mr. Eliot, if not his school, is less aware of this than Sir Herbert, there is wisdom in the remark. And there is method; for Sir Herbert's effort throughout the present volume is to distinguish among three

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kinds of poetry. One is Pope's kind, one is Donne's, and one is Milton's and Wordsworth's—or rather it is if they can be found to satisfy a certain definition. The first is a poetry of statement, the second is a poetry of ratiocination, and the third is the poetry of prophecy. Sir Herbert's central inquiry is into the prophetic quality of Milton and Wordsworth; do they have it at all, and if so in what degree?

The standard of comparison is always the Hebrew prophets, who according to Sir Herbert were neither polishing commonplaces nor exercising their intellects for the fun of so doing, but were possessed in some unique and quite personal way with deep convictions—concerning God as an agent of justice and mercy rather than as a glutton for sacrifice, and concerning the whole history of their race as signifying an ethical truth of unspeakable importance—which filled them with a burden literally unendurable until it was delivered in words. The burden counts for more than the words, if such a distinction can be made; the message more than the art. Milton matches Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea at all points save this essential one. His conviction is passionate and deep, his desire is authentic, and his view of human history is ethical. But the God of "Paradise Lost" is a general and a divine rather than an immeasurable force; Milton's justification of his ways to man is "legal" rather than metaphysical or mystical; and ultimately it is the art of the poem that we remember with the greatest clearness. All this is possibly less true of "Samson Agonistes," yet even there a hardness at the surface prevents us from passing at once, as we do with the older prophets, into the heart of both man and matter.

The political background of Milton's major poetry was of course the Civil War. Wordsworth's background was the French Revolution, and "The Prelude" is his attempt to build a substitute for the doctrine which he had shared with other young men in 1790 but which ten years later had become to him both monstrous and meaningless. Sir Herbert finds Wordsworth genuinely prophetic in those portions of his masterpiece which for everybody are the most successful—the magical passages in which he remembers his youth. Sir Herbert does not say, though I believe he thinks, that the rest of the poem, in which Wordsworth so pompously rationalizes his relief at having escaped into the Lake country, is worthless as prophecy because we are no longer able to know what it means. But his analysis of Wordsworth as a poet dedicated to love and hence to truth has freshness no less than validity. He surely cannot mean that Wordsworth is a major prophet, yet he knows how to recognize the fine strain which is there.

Sir Herbert only hints at the possibility of a prophetic poetry today. There is such a possibility now as always; and as always there is much to prevent its realization—the spirit and habit of criticism, for instance, and the unlikelihood that any intelligent poet will be able to maintain a point of view through the long period necessary for the composition of a great work. Sir Herbert's own remark that Milton's heaven is totalitarian provides a clue to what might happen in our poet's mind even before he knew he was ready to give up. We are addicted to comparisons, and we know too much about the past. Yet it is just here that Sir Herbert is most suggestive. The prophet, he says, is one "who sees that what the world has approved hitherto is not good but evil," and who perceives that the error still goes uncorrected. So Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" as an arraignment of man from Adam to 1658. And so in our time a man might compose a poem in sorrow or wrath at the spectacle of human cruelty once, now, and forever. A man might. Whether any man will is another question.

MARK VAN DOREN

Can the Supreme Court be "REFORMED"?

Must judicial dominance of American life be overthrown—once and for all? Is the President's proposal—or any other yet made—really enough to ensure that the will of the people will govern? Must real court reform go further—to the root of the usurpation of power by the Court? Is the Supreme Court a "bulwark against Fascism"?

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Professor Hartshorne's God

BEYOND HUMANISM. ESSAYS IN THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF NATURE. By Charles Hartshorne. Willet, Clark and Company. $2.50.

IT is not easy to say whether Professor Hartshorne is a philosopher or a prophet. But one can say with assurance that these roles hardly do justice to his ambition. For he claims that in this book he not only offers us the only synthesis of the "new" philosophy and the "new" theology compatible with contemporary science, but the only system of beliefs capable of giving us a completely integrated personality. He gives us, besides, solutions of the central problems of Western philosophy, and a refutation of such humanist thinkers as Freud, Marx, Dewey, Santayana, Russell, Mead, Alexander, Carnap and the positivists, Croce, Heidegger, Hartmann, and G. E. Moore.

Could the claims which the author makes for his book be substantiated, its publication would be an event in the history of culture as portentous as the appearance of the "Timaeus," "The City of God," or the "Summa Theoligiae." But it is to be doubted whether "Beyond Humanism" will occupy a place among these works, for the new synthesis turns out to be very little more than Whitehead, torn from his impenetrable terminology and simplified to meet ordinary concrete religious demands.

Professor Hartshorne attacks all philosophies which on naturalistic grounds emphasize man's self-sufficiency and deny that human values will endure after man's extinction. Our author maintains that belief in man is inadequate because mankind is too vast and formless to attract man's effective loyalty. He also maintains that the belief that values will be finally destroyed goes against man's spontaneous ethical convictions and their deepest needs. As an alternative he offers us belief in the God of the "new" science and the "new" theology. This God apparently suffers neither from the vastness nor from the formlessness of mankind, though it is the Universe. But this new God is not the mechanically determined Nature of Spinoza. It is the Universe conceived as an organism and hence endowed with personality. It is the guarantor of our values and hence the only object fully worthy of man's reverence and piety. Thus it is only through the new Hartshornian faith that we gain full integration.

To appreciate fully Professor Hartshorne's performance it is necessary to grasp the formal structure of his argument. In order to refute humanism he first proves the possibility of his thesis. And his thesis is that the Universe and the electrons may be said to feel and think. This, I guess, is where the "new" science comes in. If the Universe feels and thinks, God may have imagination and memory. Therefore He has imagination and memory. All this is reinforced by the claim that only upon this thesis can certain facts be adequately explained. And these facts boil down to the assertion—hardly a fact of course—that our spontaneous ethical convictions and deep human needs demand this conception of God-Nature if we are to achieve adequate personal integration. What integration is we are not told. Nor is the effort made to show that spontaneous ethical convictions and deep human needs are not the result of accidental cultural conditioning.

That a thinker as quick to detect the weakness of his adversaries should himself indulge in such a manner of argumentation will not surprise any one who remembers how easy it is for men to mistake the inner glow of religious faith for the possession of the truth. Those who do not share the inner glow with our author will not be surprised at the muddled vagueness and the utter lack of anything approaching empirical evidence on which this grand new synthesis rests; radical confusion and absence of evidence have always been traits of metaphysical substitutes for religion. Nor will they be surprised at the clever use of the old tricks of apologetics—the claim to the sole sanction of science, the sharp distinction, when evidence is untoward, between science and philosophy, the facile demonstration of the ignorance of those one is opposed to, and the scornful arrogance which grows from a monopoly of the truth. But all the intellectual ingenuity and all the skillful use of eristics are not enough to cover up the emotional immaturity which lies behind the need to find cosmic support for human efforts.

ELISEO VIVAS

In Search of America

THE ROAD: IN SEARCH OF AMERICA. By Nathan Asch. W. W. Norton and Company. $2.75.

MR. ASCH bought the longest bus ticket ever sold and left Washington on a commiseration tour of the underprivileged in America. He met the share-croppers in Arkansas, was run out of town in Marked Tree, was caught in a dust storm in Oklahoma, witnessed an organizers' meeting of beet workers in Colorado, and lived in a lumber camp in California. No matter where Mr. Asch went or what he saw, he was dreadfully upset. On his way back, in Chicago (which he found rather dull), he had a mystic experience. He came upon a budding prostitute in a doorway, seized her hands, kissed them, and said, "Forgive me, sister." Mr. Asch has a great capacity for suffering and seems eager to take upon himself the guilt of an entire social system. That may be praiseworthy in itself, but it creates a kind of *réportage* which is distraught, inaccurate, and often offensive: facts are distorted, obfuscated, and lost in the author's sobs and sighs, and a widespread social condition is reduced to the terms of his personal hysteria. The reader becomes more and more aware of the author's emotional state and more and more suspicious of what may really be responsible for it. Mr. Asch's reactions are so subjectivized and melodramatic that the circumstances which prompt them take on the quality of implausibility and invention. He has exploited suffering human beings in a way they have never been exploited before. Death, destitution, and unemployment are something to write about, not to revel in.

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RECORDS

BRUNSWICK'S new series of repressings from Polydor offers important singers and pieces of music on domestic records for the first time. One extraordinary item is the Sleep-Walking Scene from Verdi's "Macbeth," sung by Gertrude Rünger. The music realizes the mere sense of the scene, as distinguished from Shakespeare's poetic values; and one is amazed by the dramatic force and poignancy that Verdi, writing in 1847, gives to the conventional instrumental and vocal style of his period (consider merely the opening accompaniment figure with its stabbing note of the English horn). Rünger, who made a poor showing at the Metropolitan the past season, is superb on this record ($1.50).

Superb also on other 12-inch single records (each $1.50) are the singing of Franz Völker and the playing of the Berlin State Opera Orchestra under Melichar in the tremendous opening scene of Act 2 of "Fidelio"; the singing of Adele Kern in Strauss's coloratura aria to end all coloratura arias (and singers), "Grossmächtigste Prinzessin" from "Ariadne auf Naxos"; the alto voice of Emmi Leisner in Strauss's "Wiegenlied" and Brahms's "Wie bist du, meine Königin." Another lovely voice is that of the soprano Tiana Lemnitz, heard in "Wie nahte mir der Schlummer" and so forth from "Der Freischütz," and, on another record, in the Trio from "Der Rosenkavalier," Viorica Ursuleac and Erna Berger, who are heard more satisfactorily on the reverse side in the closing duet of the opera. One of the finest of German lyric tenors a few years ago, Julius Patzak, reaches us with his voice a little hardened, but displays excellent style in two arias from Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail." And one of the best German tenors, Fritz Wolff, is heard in a "Lohengrin" recording that takes him from the farewell to the swan to the end of the first act in 4½ minutes; on the reverse side is an abbreviated version of the closing scene of the opera; on another record an abbreviated version of the bridal chamber scene. The Elsa, Berta Malkin, is excellent.

One is told that Bruckner is at his best in his religious music; but his best, represented in the two motets, "Os Justi" and "Virga Jesse," is, for my taste, not good enough (10-inch, $1). In an album of six records ($6) Schlusnus's fine baritone is employed with more musical sensitiveness than I can recall from other occasions in Schubert's exquisite "Geheimes" and his "An Schwager Kronos," Strauss's "Morgen" and "Geduld," and less interesting songs of Strauss ("Der Nachtgang" and "Winterliebe"), Schumann ("Provençalisches Lied," "Talismane," "Der Soldat"), and Graener.

Perhaps Musicraft is right about the greatness of Buxtehude as manifested in the cantata "Singet dem Herrn" (one record, $1.50), well sung and played by Ethel Luening, soprano, J. Reilich, violin, S. Hunkins, 'cello, and Ernst Victor Wolff, harpsichord. I am better able to perceive the greatness of Mozart in the Piano Sonata in F (Köchel 332) (three records, $5), played by Mr. Wolff with great sensitiveness, but in a style that softens and sentimentalizes the music. Recording is excellent; surfaces, with steel needles, are noisy.

Wolff makes another appearance, this time on Gamut records, on which he plays Bach's Partita No. 6 on the harpsichord (one 12-inch, two 10-inch records, $4). Performance, recording and surfaces are excellent; but I cannot get as enthusiastic as Gamut about the music.

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Letters to the Editors

School Children See the Massacre

Dear Sirs: Your readers might be interested in these two compositions written by eighth-grade pupils of a school in the strike area. The first is by a girl, the second by a boy, but I have withheld their names. I am sending the compositions without corrections.

A CHICAGO TEACHER

Chicago, June 12

THE STRIKE

It was May 30 when a bunch of girls and I were going to the picnic in the forest preserve when suddenly we saw people marching. Two American flags came first then men and women with signs on which one I read was "Come Out, We Promise You Fair Play." This was meant for men who were still working inside of the plant. We thought this was just going to be a march so we marched along with them.

The marchers cut through a field and their we met policemen armed with guns and machine guns. We were frightened but we stood, not thinking their was going to be any gun play. Suddenly we saw bricks, bats, stones, etc., flying in the air. We heard shots. Everybody began to run. Some one hollered: "Don't run, it's only blanks they're shooting," but when we looked around and saw men lying on the field blood all over them we were sure they were bullets. I was running blindly through tear gas that the police threw and I fell in a ditch full of stickers. Another girl fell in the mud.

Finally we got on the sidewalk and the guns stopped shooting. We saw cars with red cross signs on them go as fast as they could to get the dead and wounded. Six men died and a great number were wounded in which my brother was one. This is one day I will never forget in my life.

THE STRIKE

My opinion about the strike is that there would be no trouble if the non-strikers came out of the mill. The strikers believe in peaceful picketing. After the big mass meeting one of the men in the crowd voted peaceful picketing in front of the Republic Steel Corp. This occurred on Sunday about three o'clock. The men were in formation and two men carried the flag. They started to march down the prairie and Nick [a boy of 12, brother of the author of the first composition] was in the front lines with the men from Inland Steel Corp. They were met by the policemen. They showed passes to the policemen and told them they have the right for peaceful picketing. Nick was still in front and was watching the strikers. All at once the bricks start flying in the air the strikers in back start throwing. The policemen drew their guns after Capt. Mooney had been struck on the head. The policemen had started shot the machine gun and Nick and I started to run. Then Nick got struck in the ankle but tried to get up. Then the tear gas were in the air. Nick started to crawl and I started to run. A lady was shot through the neck by machine gun bullets. I went to the headquarters and told Gus, head manager of the C. I. O., and we both went in a machine and found Nick lying in the grass with a baby lying next to him shot through the arm. Gus and I took both them to the South Chicago Hospital.

The Spanish Anarchists and the Government

Dear Sirs: Among the people in this country who read the labor press from Spain, your editorial, Uprising in Catalonia (May 15), aroused considerable comment, containing as it did what must be for *The Nation* a record number of misstatements of fact about the struggle within the Loyalist ranks. You say your source of information is Louis Fischer, who was not there during the events he described and interpreted. His account was seemingly derived from the Spanish Communist press. The rest of the Spanish press, from Republican to Anarchist, presented the picture very differently and frequently denied with heat many of the things Fischer stated as if they were unquestioned fact.

The line-up is: Republicans plus Right Socialists plus official Communists against Anarcho-Syndicalists, P. O. U. M., and Left Socialists (Caballero group). The issue is nothing less than the Spanish revolution itself. Bertram Wolfe's letter clarified with facts the falsities in the original editorial. Fischer replied with irrelevant material: (1) the slander that the Anarchists and P. O. U. M. sabotage the war, and (2) that they want to collectivize small property. This is silly and untrue. There is no organization or party on the Left which advocates the confiscation of small property; both the C. N. T.-F. A. I. and the P. O. U. M. have repeatedly made their position in this respect clear. If *The Nation* is unwilling to publish any but Mr. Fischer's version and interpretation of the profoundly important struggle which links the Barcelona events (May 4-9), the political crisis and fall of Caballero, and the terrifying repressions now going on, let its readers reconstruct the gist of the story from the following documents, taking notice of their significant dates:

"As for Catalonia the purging of Trotskyist and Anarcho-Syndicalist elements has begun; this work will be conducted with the same energy with which it has been conducted in the U. S. S. R." (*Pravda,* Dec. 17, 1936)

"It is only recently that the legitimate governments of Valencia and Barcelona have come to suspect that the apex of the inverted pyramid on which Anarchist power rests may be small enough to be dealt with in its own terms—those of force. . . . This suspicion is being tested out cautiously, here and there, as the government seizes auspicious opportunities to increase its own authority. A reliable police force is being built up, quietly but surely. . . . The Anarchists have already noticed and complained about the increased strength of this force. . . . They realize that it will be used against them. . . . The government, however, has to walk warily and secure itself in public opinion. Too hasty action against the Anarchists might cause a revulsion of opinion in their favor, particularly in the industrial towns. The Anarchists are taking their stand now as the watchdogs of the revolution, guarding the people's gains against the predatory bourgeois who is represented as trying to sneak in through the back door. . . ." (James Minifie, New York *Herald Tribune,* April 28.)

"The Police Corps will be a powerful arm against the enemy's attempts at sabotage, provocation, and espionage in the Republican rearguard. With this corps the Government of the Generality will be able to crush all attempts against

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anti-fascist order, and to enforce efficiently all the decrees of the Generality —for example, that decree which states that the property of the peasants *and of the middle classes* shall be respected and protected against attack." (Official Bulletin of the P. S. U. C. [Third International] previous to Barcelona events.)

"The proprietors of small industry, traders, and artisans of all kinds, including the peasants, shall be respected, *as well as the property and industrial interests of all foreigners.*" (Ibid.) Italics in both quotations are mine.

"If the Caballero government were to apply the measures of suppression to which the Spanish section of the Communist International is trying to incite it, then it would come close to a government of Gil Robles or Lerroux; it would destroy the unity of the working class and expose us to the danger of losing the war and shipwrecking the revolution. . . . A government composed in its majority of people drawn from the labor movement cannot make use of the methods that are reserved for reactionary and fascist-like governments." (*Adelante*, organ of Largo Caballero, May 11.)

Finally, news has been received of the arrests, murders, and disappearances of prominent writers and leaders of the C. N. T. and P. O. U. M. One name among them, that of J. M. Escuder, is well known to journalists in this country. They are all (those who are still alive) being held while "Moscow trials" accusing them of espionage, aid to fascism, etc., are prepared against them, in the manner now become classic—and this does not omit torture.

ANITA BRENNER

New York, June 7

CONTRIBUTORS

LOUIS FISCHER cables his first article since his return to Spain as *The Nation's* correspondent.

MAX ASCOLI, who was forced to leave Italy because of his opposition to the Fascist regime, is now a professor of political science at the University in Exile. He is the author of "Intelligence in Politics."

HAROLD J. LASKI, professor of political science at the London School of Economics, is a leading member of the left wing of the British Labor Party.

FREDERICK R. BARKLEY is on the Washington staff of the Baltimore *Evening Sun.*

ROSE M. STEIN, who was arrested and jailed while covering the Youngstown strike for *The Nation,* is a journalist who has followed closely labor struggles in the steel industry.

WILLIAM GROPPER, whose drawings of the contemporary scene are widely known, is now on a tour of the South and West from which he will report back to *The Nation* in words and pictures during the next three months.

ARTHUR LIVINGSTON is associate professor of romance languages at Columbia University.

J. F. BROWN is a physician and the author of "Psychology and the Social Order."

HUGH H. DARBY is an investigator in the Department of Biological Chemistry at the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

INFORMATION FOR SUBSCRIBERS

THE NATION, 20 Vesey St., New York. Price, 15 cents a copy. By subscription—Domestic: One year $5; Two years $8; Three years $11. Additional Postage per year: Foreign, $1; Canadian, 50 cents. The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Dramatic Index, Index to Labor Periodicals, Public Affairs Information Service. Three weeks' notice and the old address as well as the new are required for change of address.

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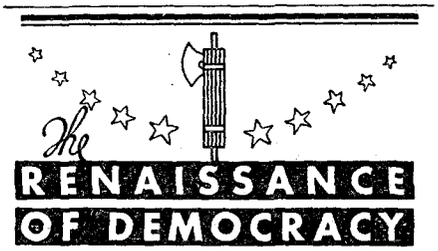

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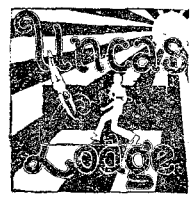

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